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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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OUR LATEST BATTLESHIP, THE "ILLINOIS," AS SHE APPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCHING, OCT. 4

(Photographed by HENRY REUTERDARF)

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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NEW YORK OCTOBER FIFTEENTH 1898

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, Queen of the Wends, Queen of the Goths, the Queen Matchmaker who has gone, was also Queen of the Bicycle. In the obituaries of the lady the fact has not been noted. Compared with other titles it may have seemed unimportant. But it is only unimportant things which are really momentous. Louise of Hesse-Cassel became the progenitrix of sovereigns and left the course of events unaltered. She got on a wheel one day and changed the face of the earth. This event occurred before the flood, fully five or six years ago, at a time when no decent person would have been found dead on a bicycle. It was at her summer court on the Baltic, through the wide leisures of which the selectest princesses and the least exclusive princes lounged, that the deed was done. What the mother of an empress *in esse* and of another *in posse* does, smaller fry copy. The young royals, her grandchildren, followed suit. Photographed, bike in hand, their pictures emerged in shop windows. At sight of them Paris went mad. Then New York caught a fever which ultimately spread to London and which has been recently reported as assuming epidemic proportions in China. So runs the world away. Meanwhile the Queen had put her wheel aside. Imitation is flattery's most odious form. But none the less a fashion had been set, industries founded, manufactories multiplied, and all through a monarch's whim, because of a summer day an entirely amiable lady had seen fit to mount a wheel. *Requiescat*.

THE PHILIPPINE insurrection continuing and Spain's treasury being depleted it has been editorially assumed that whatever the Peace Commission may decide, Sagasta, in his secret heart, would prefer to relinquish the archipelago altogether than attempt its reconquest. This is highly logical. It has been also editorially assumed that Spain's quicksilver mines recently mortgaged to the Rothschilds constitute the last drop in the bucket-shop. This is logical, too. But as already noted in this column, the Philippines are figuratively if not literally a string of Klondykes. Their value, however problematic once upon a time, episodes in the East have assured. Coming events cast shadows. After Santiago, Don Financiero Sagasta, who is just as much of a fox as he looks, foresaw a condition of things which if threatening at home was quite as threatening abroad. The express of that olive branch from which the protocol budded and the Peace Commission bloomed was the result. In view of which it has been more recently assumed that the Spanish representatives who are dining in Paris have been instructed to fight for the Philippines until the last bottle of champagne expires. This is not logical merely, it is common sense. Colonially considered Spain has as much use for the archipelago as a cat has for a fiddle. But as an asset, there, to use an idiom of the boulevards, is another guitar. The situation of the islands, their proximity to China, other factors besides, give them now a marketable value which, if realized, would put Spain on her feet. At the Quai d'Orsay there is a preparation of sweetbreads which the Board of Strategy should warn our Commissioners to consider with care. On menus it appears as *Ris de veau à la Sagasta*—the Smile of the Lamb at the Financier. *Plaudite sed Cavete, Cives*.

EMILIO CASTELAR predicts in the current issue of *España Moderna* that this country will lose its democratic character and become an empire. At the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese, Bishop Potter inquired whether such a folly has really bewitched us, and, continuing, asked: Has the lust of empire made the people so mad that it cannot see the dangers which such a policy will entail? Precisely in what the dangers are to consist Bishop Potter omitted to state. Señor Castelar is

more explicit. This gentleman foresees danger also, yet not to us, but to Latin America. Señor Castelar's views are those of an ejected guest. Bishop Potter's are those of an unwilling host. That they should agree is not singular. But the point is elsewhere. Nothing suffices unto itself. A nation is not an exception. It resembles love: when it does not increase it diminishes. Every dog has its day. Gibbon told us that. Rome had her glories, Spain too. England is having hers. Ours are in process of becoming. With entire deference to a prelate as reverend as Bishop Potter, lust has not affected the country, it is entirely sane. Moreover, Destiny has never yet turned tail before a rebuke however episcopate. And with entire deference to a publicist as eminent as Señor Castelar, the danger to Latin-America is passed. It receded with Spanish dominion.

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY is the subject of a recent magazine article by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, in the course of which, after asking Who may be admitted and Who debarred, he leaves the great question where he found it. This is very modest. No one is infallible, not even the youngest among us. But the question remaining discloses another—What is aristocracy? Gautier defined it as consisting in intellect in men and beauty in women. That, however, is Utopia. Burke—not the peerage person, but the wit—defined it as a despotism. That is paradox. Xenophon catalogued it as reunions of the best—which is platitude, perhaps, yet also sense, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the best society is often the worst. Witness Mayfair. Witness Whitehall. The one is as bad as the other was. With a difference, though. Where in the latter there used to be brilliance the former is lack luster. In the days of Charles the Second aristocracy sinned and sparkled. To-day it sins and yawns. There is modern progress. In the aristocracy which Professor Peck has in view, there will be nothing of this—a sprinkle it may be of millionaires who, lacking the brains which created their wealth, lack too the taste to enjoy it, but otherwise perfect decorum. As for the rest of the party whence shall it come? There is the question. Yet where professors fear to tread it would be uneditorial to enter.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN recently stated that the high regard in which he holds this country is, in England, shared by all classes, that it extends from the man with the dinner pail to the lord in the banquet hall. The statement is very gratifying and the language extremely picturesque. The right honorable gentleman has a gift of expression which is rare. But it will be a matter for individual temperament to decide which is the more delectable, the sweet effrontery of it all or the entire credulity which it presupposes here. Yet before deciding, it may be profitable to remember that the right honorable gentleman is both a guest and a statesman, and that to him, in either capacity, fiction has to be less strange than truth. At the same time, if the man with the dinner pail and the banqueting lord have any sense of humor, which is doubtful, how they must split their sides.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE FUTURE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

IT HAS been said of England that she has built up her world-wide empire by applying the maxim that trade follows the flag. In carrying out the process of annexation on a vast scale, her aim has been to provide markets for the surplus products of her factories. Conquest, in her case, has been preliminary to industrial exploitation. It is by the reverse of the maxim that the foreign policy of the great American Republic will be shaped in the twentieth century. In our case, the flag will follow trade. The extent and value of our commercial relations with the sugar-producing colonies of Spain in the Caribbean was the economical fact which, apart from sentimental considerations, justified us in putting an end to the devastation that Cuba had experienced under the Weyler regime. It is the extent and value of our trade with China, actually great and prospectively enormous, which has justified us in acquiring Hawaii and other half-way stations on the trans-Pacific route, and which render mandatory the retention of the Philippines and the immediate construction of the Nicaragua Canal. It is not an aggressive but a conservative purpose which has impelled us to take part in the great game of land absorption, and to secure our share of transmarine possessions. It is the tardily awakened perception that we are in danger of being walled in by our commercial rivals, and the determination to keep what outlets we already possess for the surplus of our manufactures, a surplus growing with a rapidity that excites apprehension and misgiving on the part of European competitors. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that, from the moment we hoist the Stars and Stripes over transmarine dependencies which will be exposed to attack by the naval and military forces of hostile coalitions, we shall have to renounce our secular attitude of isolation, and recognize from time to time the expediency of entering, in our turn, into mutually defensive combinations.

When Washington, in 1797, the date of his "Farewell Ad-

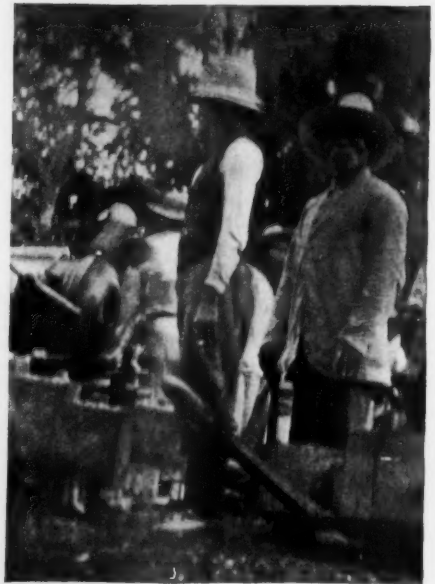
dress," warned us against "entangling foreign alliances," he did not presume to give his countrymen an admonition valid for all time and adaptable to all circumstances. He was a man too sensible and modest to arrogate foreknowledge of the future and to pose as the inspired proclaimer of immutable laws. When he penned the words, which have been often quoted by those who ascribe to him a supernatural wisdom that he would have been the first to disavow, he had in view a particular and temporary state of things by which the United States were, at that time, confronted. England and France were then at war; England, with which we had just concluded the Jay Treaty; France, to which we had contracted grave obligations in our Revolutionary War, obligations certainly not lessened in the eyes of enlightened Americans by the fact that the French form of government had since become republican like our own. Both France and England sought our aid, and the American people were divided in sympathy between the combatants. It was Washington's conviction that we should ally ourselves with neither; this, and this alone, was what he meant when he solemnly cautioned us against entangling foreign alliances. His belief was that, considering the relative weakness of the United States in respect of wealth and population—we numbered at that time only about five millions—and considering the ease with which we might be assailed by England from her coigns of vantage on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and by Spain, the probable ally of France, through her control of the greater part of the Mississippi basin, it was indispensable to the maintenance of our hard-won independence and of our nascent Federal institutions that we should observe a rigorous neutrality. The soundness of this advice, under the special circumstances which alone were contemplated, was acknowledged not only by Washington's successor, Adams, but also by Jefferson and Madison, who, although prepossessed in favor of France, clung for twelve years to a neutral position, until they were driven from it by British insolence and outrage. Washington's counsel was good, not because of any abstract and universal validity, but because of its adjustment to the conditions of the hour. It was the perfection of the adjustment that challenged respect and compelled assent.

The international conditions by which we are now confronted are utterly different from those which Washington had in mind when he wrote the memorable passage in his farewell address. Our population now numbers some seventy-five millions; in respect of wealth, we are second to Great Britain alone, and it is probable that the census of 1900 will assign to us the place of primacy. We have long ceased to fear any foreign power upon this continent; Canada, far from being a source of possible danger, should be rather regarded as a hostage for England's good will. The applications of steam and electricity have almost annihilated distance, and, consequently, have transformed diplomacy as they have clearly revolutionized military and naval strategy. Every European capital is nearer Washington to-day than was Boston or Charleston a hundred years ago: Canton is nearer New York than was New Orleans when Jefferson purchased the Louisiana Territory; it is far nearer than San Francisco was in 1848, when we acquired California. Impregnable at home, and brought by the steam engine and the telegraph into close contact with the rest of the world, we have undergone an industrial change, the scope and significance of which are only beginning to be recognized, and which will render freedom of access to the great markets of the globe more and more indispensable. Under the fostering régime of protection, that has happened to us which happened to France under the far-sighted system founded by Colbert, and which happened to England under the stimulative effect of the Navigation Acts; our native manufactures have been multiplied and developed until, under the tremendous impulse of American enterprise and invention, we are now able to produce more cheaply than any competitor many of the commodities most widely in demand, and have upon our hands a constantly increasing surplus of products over and above the quantity which American citizens consume. We have no moral right to condemn the highly-skilled labor, which we have systematically evolved, to inaction and starvation, or to remit it back to the rude tasks of the farm; we are in honor bound to give it, so far as this lies within the power of a far-seeing foreign policy, the ecumenical market which it has challenged and deserved by proving its ability to undersell its foreign rivals. That which may be fairly described as morally obligatory and as economically wise will also be presently acknowledged to be a fiscal necessity. The time is close at hand when we shall cease to be able to meet a large part of the requirements of the Federal Government by means of customs duties levied upon imports from foreign lands; we shall cease to draw adequate revenue from this source because American manufacturers are rapidly acquiring the power of answering almost all American demands not only for the comforts but also for the luxuries of highly civilized life. As we shall, consequently, be compelled to make good the deficit in our public income by imposing excise dues upon our native products, it will behoove us to assure the largest possible outflow for the surplus of those products, not only by retaining our hold upon existing markets, but by creating new ones.

In no quarter of the earth can we more reasonably expect an immensely increased demand for our commodities than in the Celestial Empire. Even now the volume of our trade with

China represents more than one-seventh of the whole foreign commerce of that country. Our imports from the Middle Kingdom have, indeed, grown but slowly, but our exports thither have been augmented by 126 per cent in ten years, and are over 50 per cent greater than the exports thither from Germany. The value of the cotton cloths sold by us to China in 1897 amounted to nearly \$7,500,000, or nearly one half the entire valuation of the cotton cloths sent abroad by the United States. The export of kerosene oil from this country to the Middle Kingdom has more than trebled in value during the past ten years; in 1897, it amounted to \$4,500,000. The exports of our wheat flour to China reached a value in 1897 of \$3,400,000, and our exports of chemicals, dyes, etc., were appraised at an additional million. When the spacious and densely peopled area of China is covered, as it will be at no distant date, with a vast network of railways, there will be an enormous demand for steel rails, locomotives and rolling stock, all of which our manufacturers will be able to supply more cheaply than any of their European competitors. It follows that, our trade with the Middle Kingdom being already considerable, and offering the promise of almost limitless expansion, we have, next to England, most to lose by the partition of China among protectionist powers, and most to gain by insisting upon freedom of access to her markets. The magnitude of our interest, present and future, in the fate of China would, taken by itself, suffice to warrant a departure from our past policy of aloofness, and would justify us in adopting a programme of co-operation with such other maritime nations as are deeply concerned in upholding China's territorial integrity and a complete liberty of traffic with her inhabitants. The nations, between which and ourselves there may be said to exist a solidarity of interests as regards the Middle Kingdom, are obviously Great Britain and Japan, and it is probable that, soon or late, Germany will be included in the list. Not one of the four powers named, with the possible exception of Great Britain, is strong enough, single-handed, to thwart the ambitious designs of Russia and France, each of which can assail China by land, the one from Siberia and the other from Tonquin. But what even England might shrink from attempting alone, three or four of the powers named might easily accomplish by co-operation, and we may, apparently, take for granted that a community of interests will, in the end, compel them to combine. An alliance of that sort, instead of being an entangling one, such as Washington cautioned us to avoid, would be strongly commended to us by the very same considerations of commercial policy as led Washington himself to approve of the Jay treaty. It is, in truth, for no other purpose but to keep our existing treaties with China operative and fruitful that we may be ultimately forced to unite with Great Britain and Japan, and, possibly, with the German Empire, in order to interpose a check to Russian encroachment and to save the Middle Kingdom from total disintegration.

For another reason we shall be compelled to discard our tradition of political seclusion, and to contemplate the necessity, in certain exigencies, of entering into close relations with foreign powers. The war with Spain has given us the beginnings of a colonial empire, and it is fortunate for us that we have secured them now by conquest, for it is probable that, ere long, Spain would have been driven by her financial needs to sell Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines to some European power. As Mr. Benjamin Kidd has pointed out in a series of convincing essays, the great event of the twentieth century will be the exploitation of tropical regions by the dwellers in the temperate zones, which are fast becoming overpeopled, and in which almost all the soil suitable to food production has been turned to account. As it is, the trade of the United States in 1895 with the tropics reached the enormous total of \$346,000,000. If this be already true, what may be eventually expected from our traffic with the tropical belt, which embraces some of the richest territories on the surface of the earth, territories, however, which as yet are, for the greater part, undeveloped? The trade of the Dutch East Indies in 1895 reached an aggregate of \$160,000,000, by far the greater part of which must be credited to the island of Java. The area of Java is only about a third of that of the Philippines, the trade of which even under the restrictive Spanish régime was \$31,500,000 in 1896, an amount which, under sagacious management, would be quickly decupled. In mere superficies, the tropical territory which we have acquired through the war with Spain is of almost imperial importance. The Philippines contain upward of 114,000 square miles; Puerto Rico is as large as Connecticut; Cuba, which, if it be not annexed, will, at least, be joined to us in the closest commercial relations, is nearly as large as the State of New York; Hawaii, which, in all likelihood, we should not have annexed but for the exigencies of the recent contest, is almost as large as Massachusetts. Having secured, as the basis for our share in the great work of the twentieth century, tropical regions possessed of great actual value and immense capabilities of development, we shall have to foster and defend them, not only under normal conditions of peace, but against possible invasion by a coalition of hostile powers. In a word, by our acquisitions in the tropics, we have given, in our turn, hostages to fortune. Henceforth, we shall offer temptations to aggression, and the law of self-preservation will force us to parry by judicious counter-alliances such covetous leagues as may be formed against us.



WITH OUR FORCES IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Pictures from our Photographer in the Philippines)

1. General Merritt on board Transport "Newport." 2. Scene in a Company Street of the First Colorado. 3. American Soldiers treating with Natives. 4. Astor Battery being towed ashore in "Casco." 5. Admiral Dewey and General Merritt leaving the "Newport" to visit the "Olympia." 6 and 7. Filipinos firing old 64-pounder during the "Attack" on the Spaniards, July 30.



THOMAS F. BAYARD

THE gentleman, statesman and patriot whose portrait is presented herewith came of the only American family of which four different members have been sent to the Senate; still more uncommon, the late Mr. Bayard and his father were for two years Senators at the same time. In 1885, after sixteen years of service in the Upper House, Mr. Bayard was appointed Secretary of State by President Cleveland, and in 1893 he became our first Ambassador to England.

Like any other American prominent in national politics, he was at times named as a possible candidate for the Presidency; but the even tenor of his way seemed never disturbed by personal ambition. During his Senatorial career no member of his party was held in higher esteem by the opposition than he.

The following fit tribute to his memory is by Hon. John Hay, the only living American who, like Mr. Bayard, has been Secretary of State and Ambassador to Great Britain:

"The news of Mr. Bayard's fatal illness—followed so swiftly by the tidings of his lamented



THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD
BORN OCT. 29, 1828; DIED SEPT. 28, 1898



death—came upon his many friends with a singular shock. One of the elements of the remarkable charm which distinguished him was his persistent youthfulness. His handsome face was always young; he had the voice and the bearing of buoyant youth; his enthusiasms and quick emotions were those of a pure-minded and high-spirited boy.

"His scorn of everything mean or base, his disregard of consequences in the pursuit of what he thought right, his frank expectation of that sympathy which he was so ready to give, his belief in the sincerity of others, being himself absolutely sincere—all these qualities, even more than his good looks and gallant bearing, gave the impression not only of a young man but of one who would always be young. It is hard to think that the rigid limit of threescore and ten years should be the term of so much activity and energy. But the fine vitality and power of such a character will survive his death. In the affection of those who knew him, as a model and example to those who admired him, he will live long as an enduring memory and a wholesome inspiration."

OUR ARMY AT MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, Aug. 27, 1898.

WITH three mails a week to the United States, and two having arrived here from the States in this time, the soldiers of Uncle Sam, now enjoying the fruits of their victory here in the capital city of the Philippines, are not entirely out of the world, as they had begun to imagine they were. About Manila there are coming to light many evidences of American and English push and energy, and it is a settled fact that these will cut an important figure in helping to rescue these stunted and oppressed islands from the demoralizing and contaminating influences brought about by Spanish misrule and oppression. To-day these are to be seen all about the city.

This morning I walked through La Escolta. The La Escolta is the Fifth Avenue of Manila. The scenes here beheld were in pleasing contrast to those seen when our army entered the city two weeks ago. Then the stores and shops were closed and dark. Evidently the shopkeepers expected our conquering army to loot their property. But no such thing happened; and gradually the business houses of the city opened.

A visit to the Rosario disclosed similar scenes; then I strolled down to the Puente de Espana, and from that famous bridge took a look down the Pasig. The stream was filled with dozens of ships, and there floated the flags of many nations. Since the long blockade has been raised there has been much incoming commerce, and business is resuming its normal state; in fact, it is soon certain to go far beyond the normal state under Spanish misrule.

A visit to the custom house, which is located on the north side of the river below the Puente de Espana, showed that. Business has been resumed there also, but at the old stand was found a new proprietor. Instead of the representatives of the Sagasta government, Uncle Sam's representatives are now collecting the lucre which comes in the way of tariff. Nearly the old Spanish schedule is enforced, but the heavy duties which Spain assessed on the exportation of the natural products of the islands are omitted.

Every one save the crestfallen Spaniards are rejoicing over the fall of Manila. The natives are the best pleased of all, and "Americano Filipino omego" can be heard on every side. The Chinese and Tagals, the Portuguese and Japs, vie with the English in rejoicing that

Spanish misrule on these islands is at an end.

In Manila it was known that the citizens and garrison had been reduced to sore straits by the long siege. Nearly every day deserters came into our lines and gave themselves up. From the best sources it was known that there were about twelve thousand regular soldiers and twenty thousand conscripts in Manila. There was no want of ammunition, and arms were plenty.

Now that the war is over, the soldiers here are hoping for their return to the United States, but as yet they see no signs of the gratification of their desire. Brigadier-general Otis and the fourth expedition are now here, and although arriving too late to participate in the campaign, they will come in for a share of the monotonous guard duty. The newspaper colony here is not a large one. Aside from the leading press associations, only the leading London and New York papers are represented.

W. G. I.

BASEBALL IN CUBA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

GUANTANAMO, CUBA, September 13, 1898

BASEBALL in Cuba may sound odd to northern lovers of the game, in view of the recent "strained relations" and the present state of affairs in that very sunny isle, but if the grand stand at any one of the big metropolitan parks could have been transferred, with its quota of spectators, to Sims's Park, near Caimanera, last Sunday, there would have been some hearty American cheers for some good American players.

It was the first baseball game in Cuba since the war. One nine was composed of machinists from the United States ship "Vulcan," the "floating machine shop" of the navy, the other nine from the converted yacht "Scorpion," sailors all, and good gunners to boot, as the Spaniards have cause to know.

Landing in the surf on the beach, a short walk among the mangrove bushes brought the two hundred or more spectators to as fine a natural diamond as ever a pair of nines met upon for a game. It was a smooth, flat, salt-marsh bottom, baked hard by the sun.

For "all hands," who came to look on and to cheer, it was a case of grand "stand," and the sun had no mercy on them. The Vulcans' umpire was Naval Cadet L. H. Miller; the Scorpion's, Ensign Collins; scorer, E. G. Bowman.

The nines lined up at "four bells" (3 P.M.) as follows:

SCORPIONS

Grey, c.
Ryan, p.
Robb, lb.
Shanweber, 2b.
Rowland, ss.
Conway, 3b.
Browne, lf.
Sieverts, cf.
Brookstedt, rf.

VULCANS

Catlin, c.
Littlefield, p.
Desmond, lb.
Lynch, 2b.
Cook, ss.
Brien, 3b.
Darlington, lf.
Sliney, cf.
Dyer, rf.

The score by innings was: Vulcans, 0, 1, 3, 10, 4—18; Scorpions, 3, 0, 1, 4, 2, 4—14.

Ryan, pitching for two innings, then he went to pieces. Littlefield, for the Vulcans, pitched well, and played a steady game all through. He always had excellent control of the ball. Littlefield, Brien and Desmond did the best batting for the winning team, and Grey, Robb and Ryan for the losers.

The fielding was fairly good on both sides; Cook made three errors. A feature of the game was the great number of "strike-outs" made. Ryan struck out thirteen of the "Vulcan's" men, and Littlefield ten of the "Scorpion" nine. The Vulcans scored ten hits, and the Scorpions six.

The officers present were, from the "Vulcan," Chief Engineer Gardiner C. Sims—for whom the diamond was named—Past Assistant Engineer John L. Gow, and Naval Cadet L. G. Miller; "Scorpion," Paymaster E. B. Iglehart, Assistant Surgeon W. L. Bell, Ensign W. T. Cluverius, Jr., and Ensign B. R. T. Collins. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Weather—red-hot.

(See double-page illustration.)



BASEBALL IN CUBA—THE VICTORIOUS NINE—(See double page)

TO ZOLA IN PRISON

WEAVER of tales that thrill the world
With fearless fact in art's rare guise,
What wonder your disdain is hurled
On treason's labyrinth of lies?

Nay, from your own proud fame you tore
The safe insignia of its pride,
And chose the brand your country bore
In patriot passion to deride.

All wars you loathe, but chiefly these,
Where scorpion guile would sting and fell;
And when your pitying spirit sees
Poor Dreyfus in his island hell,

Old memories haunt you, crimson-streaked
With brute medieval brawls of class,
With martyrdoms insanely wreaked
On Ghetto and on Judenstrasse.

"Give this man liberty," you cry,
"Reft of its boon by rogue and cheat,"
While starlike burns your poignant eye
Through fogs of forgery and deceit.

But ah, too idly falls your breath
(With mercy, entreaty, wisdom, rife)
On souls for whom steel, blood and death
Are creeds and litanies of life.

Zola, the France wherewith you wrest
Adores to-day at hate's black shrine;
Sedan still rankles in her breast,
She drinks revenge's dizzying wine.

Vainly doth Justice rear the scales
Your grand zeal strives to poise aright,
Alas, the heavier sword prevails;
The honor of your land weighs light!

Still, bide your time, with droopless brow;
In pain and exile, bide your time . . .
This France you love hath known ere now
Repentances that were sublime.

Truth groans e'en now in its drugged sleep;
Your haughtiest foes fate snares and slaves;
The mirk and mire they dig so deep
Are their own ignominious graves!

LONDON, Sept. 19, 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OUR PARIS LETTER

(Special correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, Sept. 20, 1898

AS YOU have already learned from the despatches published in the dailies, the Council of Ministers, after a good deal of explainable but inexcusable wavering, has finally pronounced in favor of the revision of Captain Dreyfus's trial.

Although it is generally believed that this decision was formulated in an order to bring the prisoner back immediately and proceed with a new examination of his case, things in reality have not been rushed in this way. The ministers have not the authority to order a new trial. All they did last Saturday was to place all the documents pertaining to the case before the advisory commission of the Ministry of Justice. This commission will say in a few days whether the Supreme Court is to be called upon by the Minister to pass upon Mme. Dreyfus's request for the annulment of the verdict that condemned her husband. The Supreme Court will grant or deny that request, and its judgment will be final. All this is, after all, not as complicated as it seems. The necessary formalities and the deliberations of the two bodies can take but a month at the most.

Thus is the case at last taken from the hands of self-constituted judges, like the Merciers and the Cavaignacs, who assumed that they could try men in the privacy of their studies, refused to discuss the evidence with the accused, and pretended to impose their verdicts upon the world. Anybody endowed with ordinary sense can imagine where this arbitrary way of dealing justice would lead us to. Now—Heaven be thanked!—the affair has re-entered the regular channels which it should never have been allowed to leave. The outcome is no longer dependent upon the aberrations of fanatical officers, the dictates of patriotic idiots, or the interests of political knaves. All humanity may well congratulate itself and feel relieved.

What a pity the record of the French nation should be darkened by the fact that such an obviously equitable course has only been taken when there was no other left open, when the logic of facts had at last become so brutally luminous that even the ignorance of the masses was enlightened, when no amount of governmental trickery, no skillful playing on low passions and popular prejudices could any longer blind the people or stem the current of its indignation!

There will necessarily be such a thorough and vindictive uprooting in the civil and military administrations that all the men who are ensconced in office are terrified, even when they have had no part in this affair. These office-holders are supporting with all the might of their influence and money the movement already set on foot to exert a pressure on the members of the Judicial Commission and the judges of the Supreme Court. But, from a careful investigation of the records of these men, it is almost safe to

say that their decision will not be influenced by preposterous arguments or impudent threats. It is hard to see then how, in view of all that has come to light recently, a new trial could be denied, and in fact it is now generally conceded that it is but a question of a few weeks before Captain Dreyfus is brought back to France, and the alleged evidence against him re-examined—this time publicly, let us hope—by another court-martial.

Then there'll be a hot time in France, I warrant you.

Was it not in my last letter that it was predicted President Felix Faure would work with tooth and nail to oppose revision and overthrow his Prime Minister, Brisson, whom he had called to take charge of the government in the conviction that during the present storm the Ministry was bound to be wrecked and the men at the head of it politically ruined? Was it not said in the same letter that General Zurlinden was very sure to be found helping Faure in any treacherous maneuvers of this sort? You know what has taken place since. Brisson, perhaps because of a remnant of humane honesty still lurking in his politician's make-up, but more probably because he saw a beautiful chance of becoming the champion of popular feeling and outstripping all rivals for the next term of Presidency, finally made up his mind that he would do battle on the side of justice. Faure did his best to checkmate him, first because he has more reasons than one to oppose revision and even to fear it, but principally because if the political gangs must undergo the fearful ordeal, he would hate worse than death to see the credit that will accrue from the cleansing of the Augean stables go to Brisson. In the hope of influencing enough of the Cabinet members to vote against the Premier's wishes, the President did not even stop at taking part in the debates, a thing which he is constitutionally forbidden to do. For this he was soundly rated by Brisson and some other ministers in open council, and afterward by the press. Nevertheless, it is well known that Faure, even after he had thus been brutally called to order, pulled every wire and started every influence going in order to persuade the weakest members of the Cabinet not to countenance revision but rather desert their leader. It was hoped that so great an effort would at least induce four or five resignations and so utterly cripple the Ministry that the Chambers would have to be convoked to deliberate on the crisis. This move meant the overthrow of the Prime Minister and that is primarily what the President is now working for. But Brisson coaxed and threatened his forces, and, in fine, kept them together. Zurlinden resigned, it is true, but the effect of his defection was forestalled and cleverly counteracted by the giving out of his motives to the friendly papers. Only the Minister of Public Works followed the Minister of War out. The successors of these two had been secured by Brisson in advance, the decrees appointing them were presented for signature the same night, and there was neither disruption of the Cabinet nor even a ripple of emotion in the public.

So far, then, Faure is beaten. But he is an experienced trickster and a very resilient foe. His defeat will make him all the more keen in his desire to put his rival out of the way. On the other hand, Brisson, who knows a few things himself about politics and has now a fine lead, will certainly do his level best to pull to the brightest light all that there may be against Faure in the Dreyfus affair. So there is not the least doubt that, quite apart from the main point at issue, the second trial of Dreyfus is bound to furnish, in the efforts of these men to knif each other, the very best kind of entertainment.

HENRI DUMAY.

"THE VEILED PROPHET"

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3, 1898

THE annual fall festivities of St. Louis began on September 13, with the opening of the exposition, which continues until November 1. This was followed by the Veiled Prophet's Parade and Ball on the night of October 2. The St. Louis fair is held from October 3d until the 8th inst., while the South Broadway Merchants' parade takes place on October 3.

The crowning event of them all is the appearance of the mystic creature known as the Veiled Prophet. His coming was announced by numerous placards about the city, which called his subjects together on the second day of October. His commands are never disobeyed. What men or group of men are responsible for his appearance no one knows, but for the last twenty-one years he has never failed to meet his subjects on the first Tuesday of October.

There is no limit to the expense of this festival, and the costumes of the participants are made of the best materials that can be had. Several hundred thousand dollars are expended annually for this event. An intimation of the splendor is given in the souvenirs which are sent out with the invitations. There never was a souvenir so splendidly sumptuous in effect or so costly as the silver inkstands which were received this year by the Prophet's favored friends.

About ten thousand invitations have been sent throughout the country, from the President and his Cabinet down.

Excursionists arrived from all parts of the Mississippi Valley, and it is estimated that a million and a half of people witnessed the parade. Seats along the line of march sold for from one dollar to ten dollars.

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassin, you remember, was a bad man and an impostor, who wore a veil to cover his hideousness. The Veiled Prophet of St. Louis does not claim to be his descendant nor any connection of his, but a descendant of the prophet of the East who possessed a magic mirror which laid bare the inner life of any man who looked upon it.

The grand ball is held in the Merchants' Exchange, a magnificent building, and a more suitable place could not be found. No expense is spared in its decorations, and when one enters the ballroom he almost imagines he is in paradise. None but the elite of society are allowed within its portals, and no one is allowed on the floor without full evening dress. The only person ever known to violate this rule was Mayor Henry Ziegenhein, who created such a sensation last year by appearing in a Prince Albert. There is no danger of this being repeated, however.

On the night of the parade all traffic was suspended, and the buildings were illuminated and decorated in the Prophet's colors. At six o'clock a bomb was fired in the west, and the heavens took on a rosy hue, which reflected the lights of the torch-carriers. This signified that the Prophet had started on his annual pilgrimage.

Following the advance guard of three platoons of mounted policemen came the first float, the Prophet's own. He was seated in a golden canopied chair, carried on the shoulders of four slaves, while his highpriests in attendance surrounded him. At the back of the float was a Grecian temple.

The second float presented six of the nine Muses by female figures in white, on pedestals, each of which bore the name of the Muse who stood upon it.

The third showed the three original Muses—Aoide (Song), Melite (Meditation), and Mneme (Memory)—worshipping at Mount Helicon. A rainbow spanned the float from end to end, and a Grecian temple was seen in the background. The three Muses with their appropriate insignia occupied the front of the float.

The next float pictured the abode of the Muses—a shady grove with urns, statuary, and lamps for the sacred fires, and the various Muses standing or sitting.

Then followed the floral float, typifying Spring. Three female figures occupied the foreground, appropriately gowned, for the months of March, April and May. An apple tree in bloom arose in the background, while the middle of the float was occupied by giant flowers.

On the next float, representing Summer, with a background among green billows of the ocean, were three maidens in bathing costume, who seemed to be having a regular Narragansett Pier time; and in the center, between two tall Grecian jars filled with roses, in Grecian garments sat the Queen of Summer, while before her stood three female figures in modern summer costume, typifying the months of June, July and August.

At the front of the next float were three figures typifying the months of September, October and November. In the middle of the float stood Diana the huntress, with spear in hand. In the background could be seen two male figures in hunting costume, traversing the fields of autumn.

Winter was next pictured, by a bent, cold figure of a miner seated under a fir tree, warming his hands before a pale little fire, while in the foreground were three females representing the months of December, January and February; in the middle of the float, under a canopy, sat the King of Winter.

A Grecian temple rose at the back of the next float, and in this the Muses joined with Apollo in sacred song and dance.

The next float represented the Muses giving prophetic inspiration to the priestess at Delphi, and then came the Muses singing at the banquet of the Olympian gods.

The two last floats bore "Victory" and "Peace." Victory was represented by a battleship, constructed on the lines of the "Oregon," occupying the front of the float, while in the background appeared the pictures of Dewey, Sampson and Schley, guarded on either side by two sailors, while the center of a shield displayed the word "Victory."

The procession began at the "Den" and wandered over the principal thoroughfares of the city. The route was beautifully illuminated with electricity and gas and colored lights. All the floats glistened in splendor and colors, aided by the red lights of the torch-bearers. The procession ended at the Merchants' Exchange doors, where the Veiled Prophet and his retinue descended from the floats, and entered the ballroom. Here they marched around several times, when the Prophet selected his partner for the dance, the others did likewise, and the grandest ball of the season was "on."

The partner whom the Prophet selects is emblematic of the "Queen of Beauty," and this is considered one of the greatest honors possible to be bestowed upon one of the fair daughters of St. Louis society. Who will be the chosen is never known until the Prophet takes her as his partner. His partner this year was a beautiful debutante from one of the best-known families in the Mound City.

WILHELMINA AT AMSTERDAM

(Delayed in transmission)

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

AMSTERDAM, Sept. 10, 1898



EEKS of preparation had hardly finished when the 5th of September came, the day on which the queen's formal entry into Amsterdam was to be made. The day before had been unusually warm and sultry, and grave fears regarding the morrow were generally felt. "Shall we have Dutch sunshine (rain) or queen's weather?" people were asking themselves and one another. They looked out of their windows next morning and asked the same question. The ab-

solutely essential duties of the house and shop were hastily performed with frequent questioning glances skyward. All felt what a pity it would be if anything should interfere with the joy of the occasion or deprive any feature of the decorations of their beauty. It was the wish of the people to see their maiden queen on the eve of her inauguration; it was also their wish that she might see at every step of her journey through the city the testimonials of her people's affection.

Everybody knew that the royal train would leave The Hague at 1.09 p.m. and reach Amsterdam at 2.15. The same people knew from what point they might best expect to see the queen and her escort. Those who had secured places, either in houses, on tribunes, or on one of the scores of canal-boats which for the time were floating platforms, did not need to hurry, but with that impatience born of expectancy the favored ones as well as those who must hope for a look over a soldier's shoulder were early at their stations. But the weather? Would it rain? Umbrellas and the people's spirits sea-sawed for a couple of hours, when the former went down to stay.

A cannon-shot is heard, the prolonged suspense is now relieved, another rings out, and all know that these with ninety-nine more constitute the royal salute. These are fired by the artillery, but as a large part of Holland's glory in war was achieved on the sea, the navy, too, joined in the welcome to Her Majesty, and from the opposite side of the city came the thundering answer of gun to gun.

The focal point of interest is now the Dam, the open square on which fronts the palace and the church in which the formal installation is to take place on the morrow. Into this square, kept clear by a cordon of soldiers, wheeled in due time the cavalcade, consisting, in part, of a squadron of troops of each arm, sailors and marines, the master of ceremonies, chamberlains, officers of the household, ladies-in-waiting, and then the queen and the queen-mother in a magnificent ivory-finished carriage drawn by eight horses, each led by a groom in rich livery. The queen-regent laid aside her mourning and for the first time in eight years was dressed in colors—a delicate heliotrope. The queen was dressed in white, and wore a dainty toque. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which she was greeted. Men, old and young, bared their heads, and all joined in the shout of welcome that rolled along the line of march. Her face wore an appreciative smile while she, by bowing right and left and waving incessantly her handkerchief, acknowledged the enthusiastic homage she was receiving.

Immediately behind were the aides-de-camp, the Sultan of Dyak and suite, and the representatives of the other East Indian dependencies. These were on horseback, and in their gorgeous, picturesque uniforms added to the brilliancy of the pageant. Those who had served the royal household in days past were next in the cortege, showing that though now superseded they were not forgotten. Other detachments of soldiers brought up the rear. Interspersed throughout the line were detachments of the guard of honor, composed of representative men from all the states of the United Netherlands—united now as never before in sympathy and common fealty.

As each detachment came into the Dam it took up its assigned position and stood at attention until the queens arrived. All presented arms as the royal carriage made the complete circuit around the massed soldiery and escort, and halted before the palace door. The queen picked up the beautiful bouquet, which, because of her continual handkerchief-waving, she had laid down in the carriage, and stepped out upon the carpeted landing beneath the canopy covered with crimson velvet.

The chimes took up the merry anthem announcing that once more the old palace was its queen's home. In a few minutes she appeared upon the balcony and bowed in every direction to the soldiers and guard of honor, who in their enthusiasm lost sight, for the time being, of the discipline that regulates each word and act; for with swords and caps aloft they shouted and shouted again a wordless allegiance to their new commander-in-chief. She withdrew into the

palace, and the troops, falling into line, marched out, leaving the great space in front of the palace empty; but it was empty for only a short interval. On three sides the line of soldiers was drawn in inch by inch, and the ground surrendered was taken up by the pressing crowds. The easing up of the barriers was so slow and gradual that the mass behind could not acquire an irresistible momentum and at no time succeeded in breaking through the guards. In this way the square became filled with people—not there under a superior's orders, but impelled to come by a desire to see their queen. There was absolutely no commotion, no onrushing, nor the slightest unseemly conduct of any kind. It was an occasion on which those charged with maintaining order discharged their full duty.

The queen again appeared. Every man's hat was at once raised, and every lip was forming hurrahs. There was nothing preconceived about this outburst, no suggestion of rehearsed effects; it was the homage of a devoted people made vocal. She stood alone before this mighty concourse, but yet she had no desire to participate alone in this ovation; for she turned to the door as if to withdraw, but instead she led her mother out, and the queen of yesterday stood beside the queen of to-day. It was a simple act simply done, but it showed that she was not now, in the hour of triumph, forgetful of the faithful hand that had brought her to this pinnacle of her people's love. Did these people shout? Those whose voices were not choked with tears shouted until the quaint old gables looking out upon the Dam were vibrating in unison with the nation's heart-throbs.

Tuesday, September 6, was the day of days, for it was on this date that the ceremony of installation was to take place. Although The Hague is the capital, the Constitution requires that all regal ceremonies shall take place in the New Church in Amsterdam. For weeks the interior of the edifice was being arranged and decorated for this high function. The old benches were removed and every space-consuming article of furniture was put aside. An inclined temporary floor was laid and seats for thirty-six hundred persons were provided. The church is in the shape of a cross, but in order to avoid having so many of the seats without a view of the platform on which the throne was placed, the shorter arm of the nave was cut off by an ornamental brass screen surmounted by palms. Immediately in front of this was the platform, so that the part of the church utilized had the general shape of the letter T.

The entire floor was covered with dark-red stuff, that in the aisles resembling our "filling," only somewhat thicker, while velvet carpet was used on the platform as well as on the free space round about. All the woodwork was covered, chiefly by a blue woolen material in which was woven a golden lion. This lion was in the center of each strip, so that the goods could easily be made into draperies without any distortion of the figure by sewing. The box for the princely guests and connections was trimmed with blue velvet and gold fringes. Around the walls were hung the coats-of-arms of the states of The Netherlands and of each of the dependencies, while from the ceiling were suspended flags and streamers. The platform already referred to was three steps above the floor. It was large enough to accommodate the one hundred and nine officials who were to constitute the personal escort of the queen.

Before the platform was a table with three velvet cushions on which rested the crown, a copy of the Constitution, and the gold ball representing the power and the unity of the kingdom. The only thing upon the platform was the two thrones; the larger one, that had been used by William II. and William III., was for the queen, while the smaller one on the left was for the queen-mother. The former also differed from the latter in having in the back a large embroidered 'W' and before it a footstool trimmed with gold thread. Directly over the throne was a canopy, having for its central feature a square pyramidal box eight feet on a side. The apex of this cap was an enlarged reproduction of the crown of The Netherlands, and from the back and two sides hung the long ermine-lined velvet curtains which, separating just below their point of attachment to the cap, were caught back on the two sides to the church pillars. The canopy was suspended from the ceiling by invisible wires so that the whole seemed to hang in the air, thus producing a most beautiful effect.

Ten minutes before eleven the queen-mother entered, accompanied by the ladies and gentlemen of her court. Her dress was of a lighter shade than the one she had on the day before, and on this occasion she wore a diadem of diamonds and the insignia of the order of the Netherlands Lion, the first decoration bestowed by Wilhelmina the day she attained her majority.

A sudden peal of a cannon told us that Queen Wilhelmina had stepped out of the palace. The chimes announced that she was on her way, walking on a level with her people, and their shouts gave evidence of the joy with which they looked upon their queen.

Her entry was magnificent. First came the heralds, then the masters at arms, a master of ceremonies, the pages, equeuries, twelve chamberlains, the chiefs of the royal household, the officers of the crown, the sword of the kingdom carried by the lieutenant-general, the standards of

the army and of the navy, each borne by the respective senior officers, the grand master of ceremonies, and then the queen. She was superb; being tall, she was not dwarfed by her ermine cloak, which was so long that its train was borne by four aides-de-camp. Her gown was in itself simple, made of *soie de gant*, white in color, and on her head she wore a diamond diadem and in her hand she carried a paper which we soon learned was the manuscript of her speech.

Following were the grand mistress of the court, the aides-de-camp, and the highest officers of the kingdom. All arose as the cortege entered the church and remained standing during the ceremony. All of the attendants stepped to the positions assigned, and the queen, after bowing to the assembly, sat down upon the throne of her father.

The morning had been like its immediate predecessor—uncertain if it should rain or shine. But just as the queen came in the clouds rolled away and the sun's rays came darting down upon the young queen, bringing into clear outline her maidenly beauty—darting down through the window which commemorates the noble deeds performed by her ancestors for The Netherlands. His rays illumined her path to the throne, they fell upon the emblems of power and sovereignty on the table before her, and catching their sister rays imprisoned in the diamonds of her diadem they beckoned to the assembled multitude to note this omen of happiness and prosperity.

After a moment's delay, the queen, in a voice whose equal is seldom heard and with an earnestness never surpassed, delivered her speech from the throne.

She then exchanged a glance with the queen-regent. If on the one side the look asked, "Do you approve?" the answer must have signified, "I do." This was the capstone upon that beautiful temple which she has erected to mother-love. In the moment of her greatest glory and power she looked for that most coveted of all treasures—a mother's approving smile.

And then she arose—a truly majestic figure, grand, imposing—to subscribe to the oath. In the great church there was not a sound to detract from the clear ring of her voice. Many present recalled how the House of Orange had forged the disrupted states into the United Netherlands and washed its banner with their tears and their blood. And every one who looked upon this remnant of that royal line and listened to the deliberate enunciation of her vows felt that in a full measure there was being realized the dying prayer of the founder of that House—"God have mercy on me and my poor people."

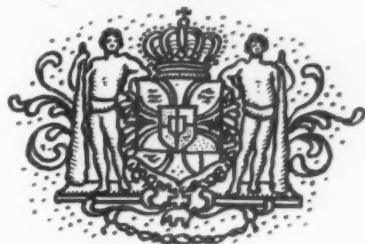
On Friday, the queen made her entry into The Hague, her capital, her home. It was a welcome-home of which the mightiest sovereign might be proud, for evidence of the people's joy was universal. In the afternoon there were religious services in the cathedral, when a discourse was delivered from the text, "And all the people shouted."

All the people shouted eighteen years ago when the "little princess" was born.

All the people are shouting now that their "little queen" is crowned.

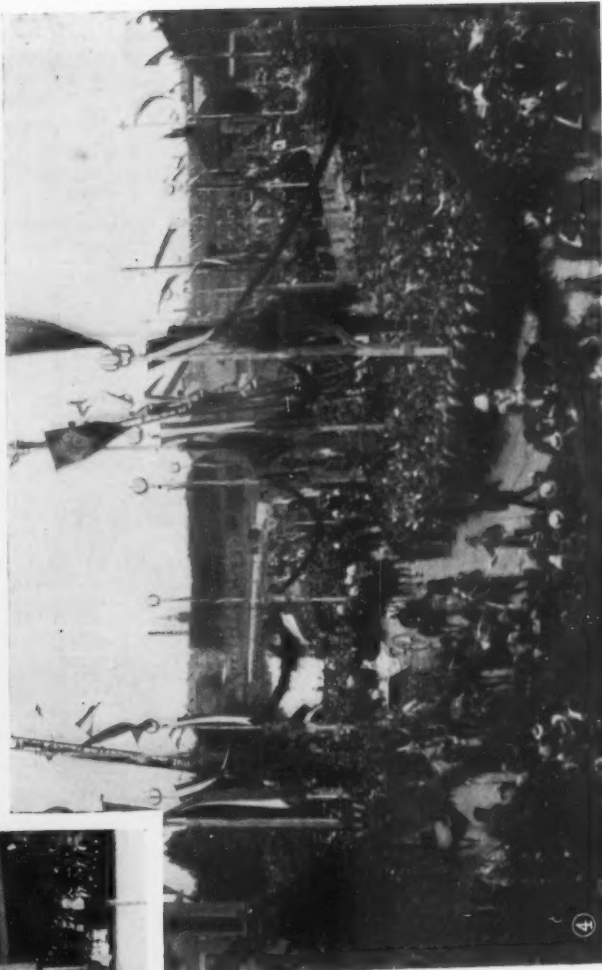
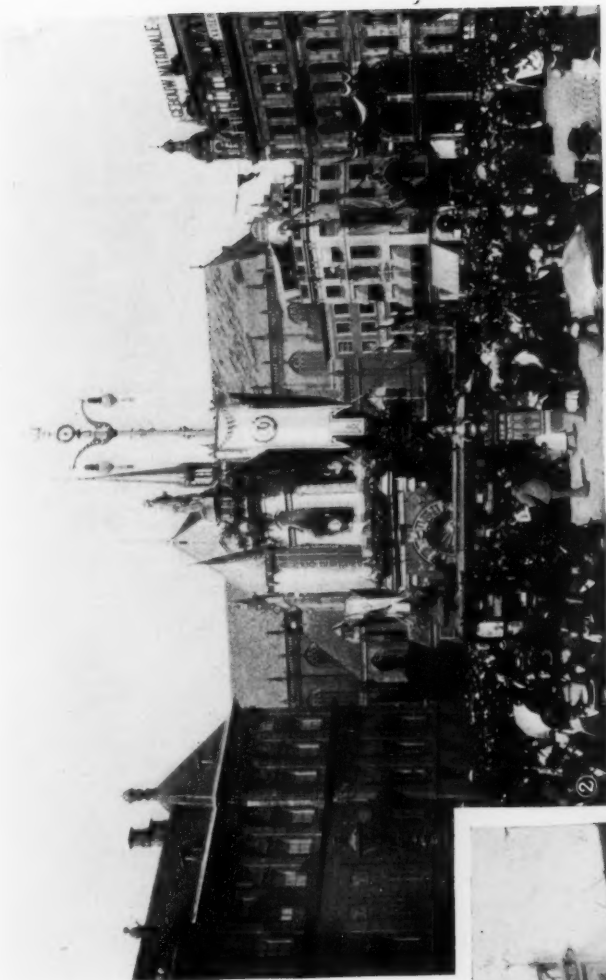
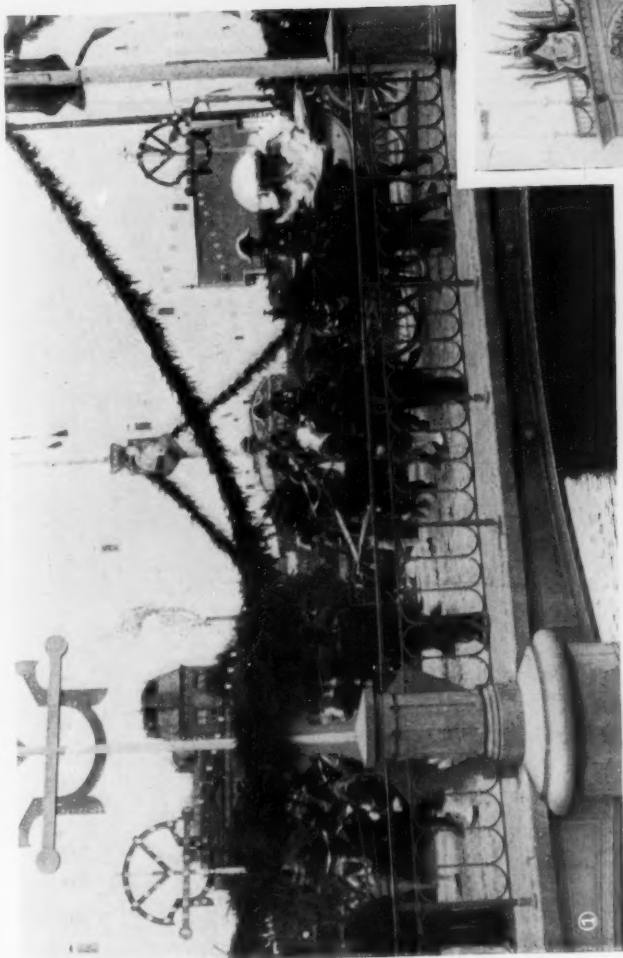
JAMES HOWARD GORE.

QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK
DIED SEPT. 9, AGED 81 YEARS





BEFORE THE ENTHRONIZATION—QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND PROCEEDING FROM THE PALACE TO THE CHURCH, SEPT. 6, 1898



AMSTERDAM IN ENTHRONIZATION WEEK — (See page 7)

1. The Royal Carriage, with the Queen and Queen-Mother. 2. The Nieuwe Kerk (New Church) and the Dam. 3. Fishing Boats from the Zuider Zee. 4. The Queen coming from the Station. 5. The Royal Tribune at the Folk's Festival.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS

POLITICIANS are fond of comparing their profession to war. The peaceful contest of citizens at the polls with the preparations therefor becomes a Campaign. Political leaders are Generals, their assistants Lieutenants, the followers Old War Dogs or Braves, who delight in military toggery, martial music, banners and the like.

It is a case of the lesser thing taking its images and similes from the greater—which is but as it should be. As the late James Russell Lowell once said to the writer, during one of his morning walks in Cambridge: "You may compare artificial objects to natural things and thus ennoble them, but when you liken nature to the works of man it suffers by the comparison."

The question remains whether the rule does not work both ways. Does not our conception of war suffer by harking back to the bombastic verbiage of political life, which clothes the cringing party hack with the

attributes of a soldier obedient to orders, and which would make the political cunning of a shrewd and unscrupulous leader appear as high strategy and generalship? Perhaps this might be answered by a convincing answer to that other question, "Do politicians make good soldiers?"

There seems to be no doubt in the minds of newspaper edi-

was fascinated. He attended all the sessions, and he became eloquent as he described the peculiarities of the various speakers to me.

"What I liked about the speeches," he concluded, "was that they were all so different."

In Syracuse I met a Rough Rider from Oklahoma not yet mustered out, whom a similar freak of chance had landed in the bar-room of the hotel where the braves of Tammany Hall were celebrating the prowess of their Grand Sachem and leader. He, too, had never seen a convention, and seemed to feel wofully alone among all these Eastern men, with silk hats and sleek paunches, who abused his colonel. When their arguments became too much for him he hailed me, and I hastened to his rescue. Together we withdrew into a neighboring room.

Instead of railing at Colonel Roosevelt's detractors, as I had expected, he broke out enthusiastically:

"Say, ain't this great. I've never seen the likes before. Why, this beats tar out of all our meetings at home. And you had ought to see them drink!"

For my own part, I discovered many other points of interest. Though there were nearly twice as many delegates at the Republican Convention in Saratoga than at that of the Democrats, there seemed to be far less crowding and general disorder than in Syracuse. At Saratoga the hotels were so commodious and the convention hall so immense that the crowds were barely sufficient to fill them. In Syracuse everything, excepting the attendance, was on so much smaller a scale that the town appeared to be overflowing with visitors, while the Alhambra Rink, where the convention was held, was packed to the point of suffocation.

The maples were just turning in Saratoga when the convention crowd began to pour into that famous watering-place, and the inner grass court of the great United States Hotel had that cool, damp shade of green peculiar to autumn lawns. It was clear that the last summer guests had only just departed to make way for the demonstrative politicians, who promptly installed themselves in their former quarters. Soon the choice suites of rooms that are usually reserved for the most aristocratic members of Saratoga's summer colony were turned into political headquarters, with noisy crowds of men tramping in and out under the gaudy tunting that bedecked the doors.

After a forenoon devoted to the usual routine of preliminary arrangements came the afternoon session, and with it the real struggle for the gubernatorial nomination. Neither of the two candidates was present, though Governor Black's ardent desire for renomination had brought him within a short walking distance of the convention hall. With the approach of the final struggle the interest grew. A cry for Black was turned into jangling discord by louder cries for Roosevelt, while the various poster effigies of the latter were impatiently thrust aside by the adherents of the former.

When the time came for General Stewart L. Woodford to report on the platform, the ex-Minister to Spain was not instantly forthcoming.

"Depew, Depew!" shouted the Roosevelt delegates, who went by the name of "Rough Riders."

"Give us Depew. The platform can wait."

In vain the chairman's gavel pounded. The majority for Roosevelt preferred a candidate to a platform, and did not cease their noise until it was decided to go ahead with the nominations.

To the great chagrin of the "Rough Riders" Mr. Depew did not come forward, and the honor of being the first in the field fell to



COLONEL ROOSEVELT ENJOYS A REST BETWEEN TWO CAMPAIGNS

tors that war correspondents make good political writers. Since the days of Key West and Santiago I have never seen so many members of the fraternity together as were gathered on the press benches of the two recent political conventions which were held in such quick succession at Saratoga and Syracuse, for the purpose of selecting the coming Governor of the State of New York. Some of the correspondents had just got back from the Philippines and Puerto Rico, others had recovered from spells of fever contracted at Santiago or in various army camps, while others again were on the point of departing anew to "cover" the evacuation of Havana. Like certain rival politicians, most of the men were glad to welcome one another, and all professed themselves profoundly bored at the proceedings going on before them.

As one expressed it: "Down there at the front the stories wrote themselves, and there was news to spare: here you must hustle for the story, and all you get for your trouble is chestnuts."

Such is the transition from war to politics.

Yet, to an impartial observer not engaged in running down the political rumors of the day, nor mixed up in the various party strifes of the moment, these two conventions, coming so close together, were full of vital interest.

They were the first important political meetings since the close of our war with Spain, and they were bound to give an all but simultaneous expression of the attitude of our two dominant parties toward the new issues ushering in our new era as a world power.

It was such considerations as these that made a careful comparison of the otherwise trite utterances of the two platforms worth while even to the citizens of other States and other countries, so that for some time still a brief review of the best points of each, arranged in parallel columns, is bound to be of interest. Thus it will be seen that one party has endeavored to cast its lot with what it believes to be the rising wave of national sentiment, while the other, in its first platform at least, tries to confine its struggle for the control of a State to the local and even personal issues of that State. The only points on which both agree is in their reiteration that our Cuban war was not undertaken for the purpose of conquest, and in their congratulations upon the success of the war.

Apart from these formal declarations of principles and the personalities of the candidates involved, each of the conventions in turn had a human interest of its own. This exercised its spell on all those who, unlike the newspaper men and politicians, had not been surfeited by a long protracted diet of political excitement. Thus at Saratoga I met a college professor, a Harvard man, whom a freak of chance had brought to this place and to the hotel where all the politicians were congregating, at the very time when the convention was in full blast. It was his first convention, and he



COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S LIBRARY

Governor Black.

The speaker who nominated him could scarcely

make himself heard through the noise of such cries as "What is the matter with Teddy?" and the exultant answering roar that would follow. Still, the speaker succeeded in presenting his candidate.

Then came Colonel Roosevelt's turn, and his followers had their wish. The best orator of the Republican party came forward to champion their candidate's cause. He was introduced as "Mr. Depew of America."

When the tremendous applause had spent itself, he opened his lips, and in a moment more all noises ceased, while the great audience listened spellbound to the only real speech of the day. If only for their oratorical merit, some of his utterances on this occasion are worth preserving.

The applause at the end of one specially brilliant period was so vociferous that the speaker had to stop. Before he could go on there was a commotion at the front entrance. There was a clatter and bang and loud shouts as of cowboys breaking into a frontier saloon. The crowd standing at the entrance made way, and two men came plunging up the aisle bearing a huge canvas aloft, which swayed and swung so that there was



THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE



"Senator Thomas Platt rises when Tioga is called."

a general ducking of heads. The men who bore it climbed over the press table to the platform, trampling the papers of the astonished correspondents underfoot. Once the picture was on the stage it became unmanageable. It fell on the heads of the people on the platform, ruining the women's headgear. It stood upside down, and then faced right about, cutting off from view all those that sat further back on the stage. At last, like a "busted" bronco, it was brought to a standstill, and stood revealed as the portrait of Colonel Roosevelt in his uniform.

"That," said Mr. Depew, "is the entrance into this convention of a Rough Rider."

After this everybody realized that the triumphant nomination of Colonel Roosevelt was the foregone conclusion which Senator Platt had predicted it to be. The other speeches that were made for Black were interesting only as exhibitions of surrender or despair.

The last important speech was Elihu Root's defense of Colonel Roosevelt against the charge of tax dodging.

When Mr. Root had finished his argument, and the last adherent of Black had made his final apology, the ballot were cast and showed an overwhelming majority for Roosevelt. Mr. Platt's previous estimate of the result fell short of but one vote. Platt's prediction was 752 for Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, he got 753. Ex-Mayor Strong of New York, who stood for the governor, had sent a substitute, who voted for Roosevelt.

All the speeches, all the arguments and all the partisan efforts of the whole convention, had not served to turn a single vote.

Commenting on the significant success of this prophecy, Colonel Roosevelt a few days later said to me:

"I always knew that Mr. Platt was a good guesser."

There was no prophet within the Democratic ranks who presumed to foretell upon whom the party's nomination would fall. On the evening before the last session of the Syracuse convention there were more than a hundred candidates by acut count. On the next day they had dwindled to four.

The Tiger of the New York Democracy, unlike the Republican Elephant, was not held in check by one Mahout, but by three. As long as Messrs. Croker, Hill and McLaughlin had not come to some terms no living soul could foretell the result. When the triumvirate failed to agree on the first day set for the convention there was nothing for the delegates to do but to adjourn proceedings to the next day.

While the three leaders conferred and sought to overreach each other behind closed doors, their followers were left to enjoy themselves as best they could. And they did.

As one man expressed it to me: "The three big ducks are playing the game, and each is trying to deal nothing but aces to himself, and to the other fellows deuces. In the meanwhile we can all get drunk."

In the end all three had to yield to expedience, as the Republican leader had done, and behold a man was selected to whom the nomination comes as a personal misfortune. With an almost assured term of fourteen years upon the bench before him, Justice Van Wyck must step down to run for the office of governor, promising at best but two years, with a salary considerably lower than that already

at his disposal. In addition to which, he too is promptly branded as a tax dodger. Such are the rewards of blind loyalty to party.

As an oratorical event, the convention that

THE PLATFORMS

"The Republicans of New York, in convention assembled, congratulate the country upon the conclusion of the War with Spain. It was not undertaken for conquest, but for the sacred cause of humanity and for the just protection of American interests. It has resulted in the complete triumph of American arms on land and sea, and we meet with resolute faith all the responsibilities which our victories impose."

"We congratulate the country upon the patriotic wisdom, the patient courage and the broad humanity which distinguished the conduct of President McKinley during the critical periods of diplomatic negotiation and battle, and which now guide him in the restoration of peace."

"We have abiding confidence that the President will conclude this peace upon terms that will satisfy the conscience, the judgment and the high purpose of the American people. We realize that when the necessities of war compelled our Nation to destroy Spanish authority in the Antilles and in the Philippines we assumed solemn duties and obligations, alike to the people of the islands we conquered and to the civilized world. We cannot turn these islands back to Spain. We cannot leave them, unarmed for defense and untried in statecraft, to the horrors of domestic strife or to partition among European Powers. We have assumed the responsibilities of victory, and wherever our flag has gone there the liberty, the humanity and the civilization which that flag embodies and represents must remain and abide forever."

"Democratic leaders declare that they will conduct this campaign upon State issues alone. But it is known that if the Democratic party secures the State Legislature it will re-elect to the United States Senate that Democrat who now represents his party there and misrepresents the State. That Senator supported the cause of free silver; supported the nominees of the Chicago Convention in the last Presidential election; gave his vote in the Senate for the heresies of that Chicago platform, and must, if re-elected, continue to support those heresies."

"We are ready to meet the Democrats on all State issues, but in a larger sense this campaign is a National campaign and our people cannot escape its National consequences. The election of Republican members of Congress and of a Republican State Legislature will mean that New York shall stand for the maintenance of the gold standard and for such a revision of the currency laws as will guarantee to the labor of the country that every paper promise to pay a dollar issued under the authority of the United States shall be of absolute and equal value with a gold dollar always and everywhere."

"In the interest of American labor and commerce, we believe that American products should be carried in American ships, and we favor the upbuilding of an American merchant marine."

"The Democratic party of the State of New York, in convention assembled, declares as follows:

"It congratulates the country upon the successful termination of a war undertaken, not for conquest or aggrandizement, but in the interests of humanity, liberty and civilization. We glory in the patriotic devotion and valor of our brave soldiers and sailors who have honored the American people and heightened the luster of our national fame, and we favor the adoption of a liberal policy toward the sick and wounded and the families of those who lost their lives in the service of their country. We rejoice that the Democracy has been connected with every honorable and creditable step in the war, and with nothing that is dishonorable or discreditable."

"The scandalous abuse by the President of his power of appointment in scattering Army commissions among inexperienced and incompetent civilians, as reward to personal favorites, and almost to the exclusion of experienced officers in the service, is largely accountable for the fearful sufferings and the appalling loss of life among the gallant soldiers, that have brought disgrace upon the Administration and a sense of shame to the Nation. A Democratic Congress will, if chosen by the people, rigidly investigate the conduct of the war and expose and punish all who may be responsible for the unnecessary deaths, privations, sufferings and neglect of the soldiers which have shocked the Nation and abated the National rejoicing over the triumphs of our Army."

"Reform in the canal management of the State is the supreme issue of the hour. No squandering of public moneys, no more millions to be stolen, wasted or needlessly expended, as reported by a Republican investigation commission to have occurred with the nine millions canal improvement fund; all public contracts to be fairly and honestly awarded to the lowest bona fide bidder; no special privileges to pet surety companies favored by political influence."

"We demand the restoration of the National Guard to the high standard of efficiency which under Democratic Governors was long enjoyed; no more 'Tillinghastism' incompetency or red tape in the Adjutant-general's office; a capable Adjutant-general and a reorganization of the National Guard are imperatively demanded."

"We demand just and equal taxation; no tax-dodging. We denounce all attempts to evade the burdens of taxation upon personal property by pretended changes of residence or otherwise under the Constitution and laws of our State. Eligibility to public office and liability to personal taxation both depend upon long residence here. If the affidavits and official statements of the Republican candidate for Governor are true he is ineligible to the office of Governor; if false, he has committed perjury and is morally disqualified. He cannot escape from his dilemma—there is either legal disqualification or moral unfitnes."



"Chauncey Depew telling of the heroism of the Rough Riders."

nominated Justice Van Wyck was scarcely up to the standard set by the men at Saratoga. The best speech of the day, perhaps, was the type-written address read by Frederick Schraub at the opening of the convention. He disposed of the Republican claims to a lion's share in the glory of our late war by a speech which greatly delighted the hearers.

At this convention the interest centered rather in what was not said than in what was said. Thus the significant absence of any reference to the party's attitude toward the once so burning question of silver or gold was rendered more so by the futile efforts of the Silver Democrats to obtain recognition for their cause. On the previous day, already, when their defeat was foreshadowed, they had organized and promulgated an independent platform of their own. Notwithstanding this, they made a valiant effort to force their issue to the front in the face of an unwilling convention. Their spokesman, Mr. Pierce, was choked off without a hearing. Later he got his chance. He did not say much, but what he said was enough to create a stir:

"I have been attending Democratic conventions for thirty-five years. I cast my first ballot for the Democratic ticket, and I have followed it by voting for the nominee of every Democratic convention since that time down to the present and expect to do it now again. [Applause.] But, Mr. Chairman, I must, on behalf of 952,000 Democrats of the State who followed the lead of that grand and brilliant statesman, William Jennings Bryan [great applause]—I must say right here that I enter my solemn protest against this convention."

Previous to this there had been a scene of great enthusiasm when Mr. Carmody, while seconding the nomination of Justice Van Wyck, eulogized the "leader of the Democratic party in the nation, William Jennings Bryan." In an instant the whole convention went wild. The tumultuous cheering swept up and down the crowded rink, and in the galleries countless men tossed up their hats and waved Cuban and American banners that they had snatched from the festoons on the walls.

"Three cheers for the Chicago platform," shouted a delegate, and the crowd stood up and gave them with a will, with a "tiger" thrown in.

This was the last speech of the short final session. As soon as the balloting began it was clear that the triumvirate's candidate had all the votes. When Mr. Croker got up to deliver the 105 votes of Tammany Hall, amounting to nearly one-third of the total ballot, all was over but the shouting.

Half an hour afterward the delegates from New York City and Brooklyn were already on their way home, rejoicing.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



"Gov. Black walked from the station to his headquarters."



"No one noticed the entrance of Lou Payn."



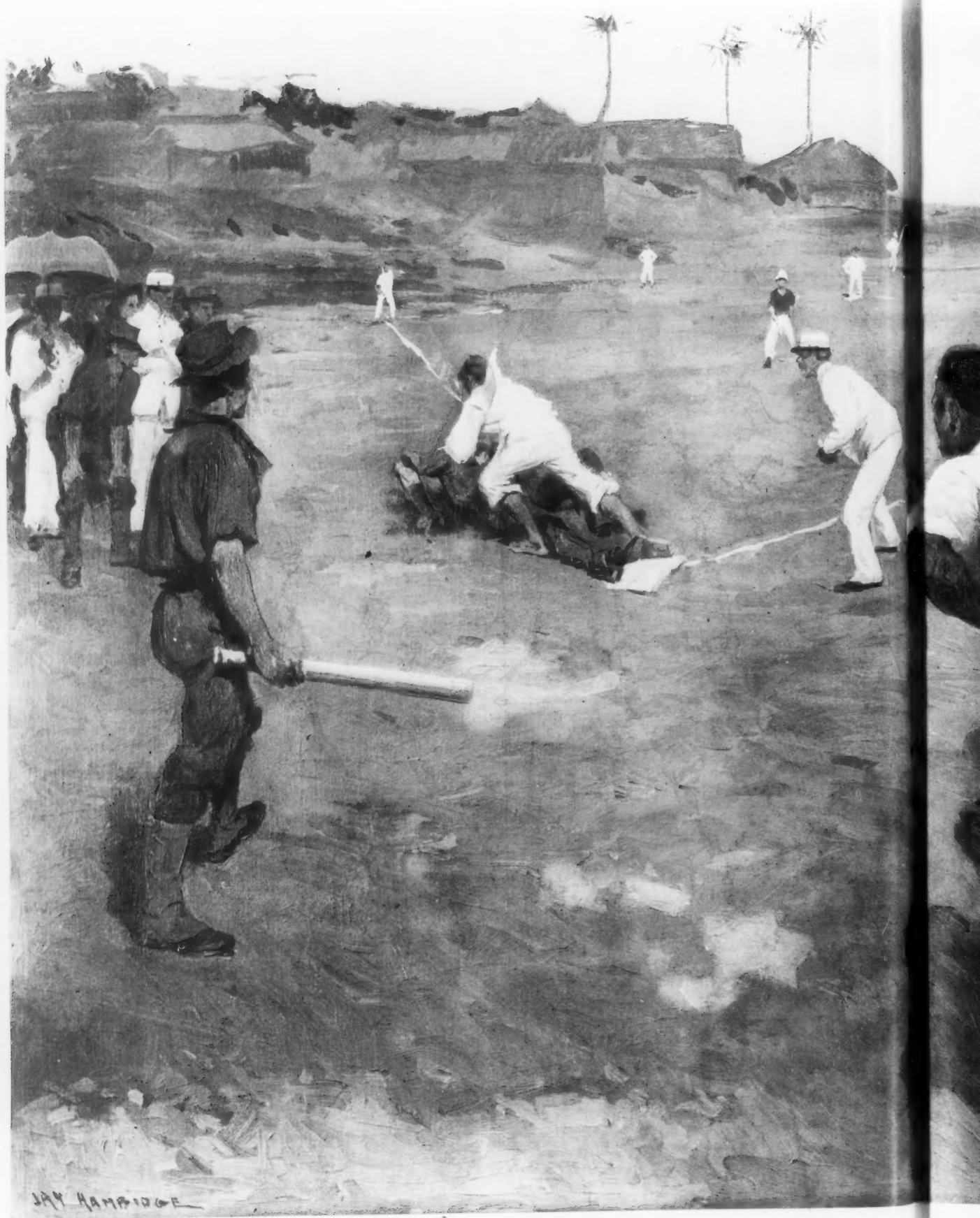
"Ed. Lauterbach amused the Convention."



"Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff before he was renominated."

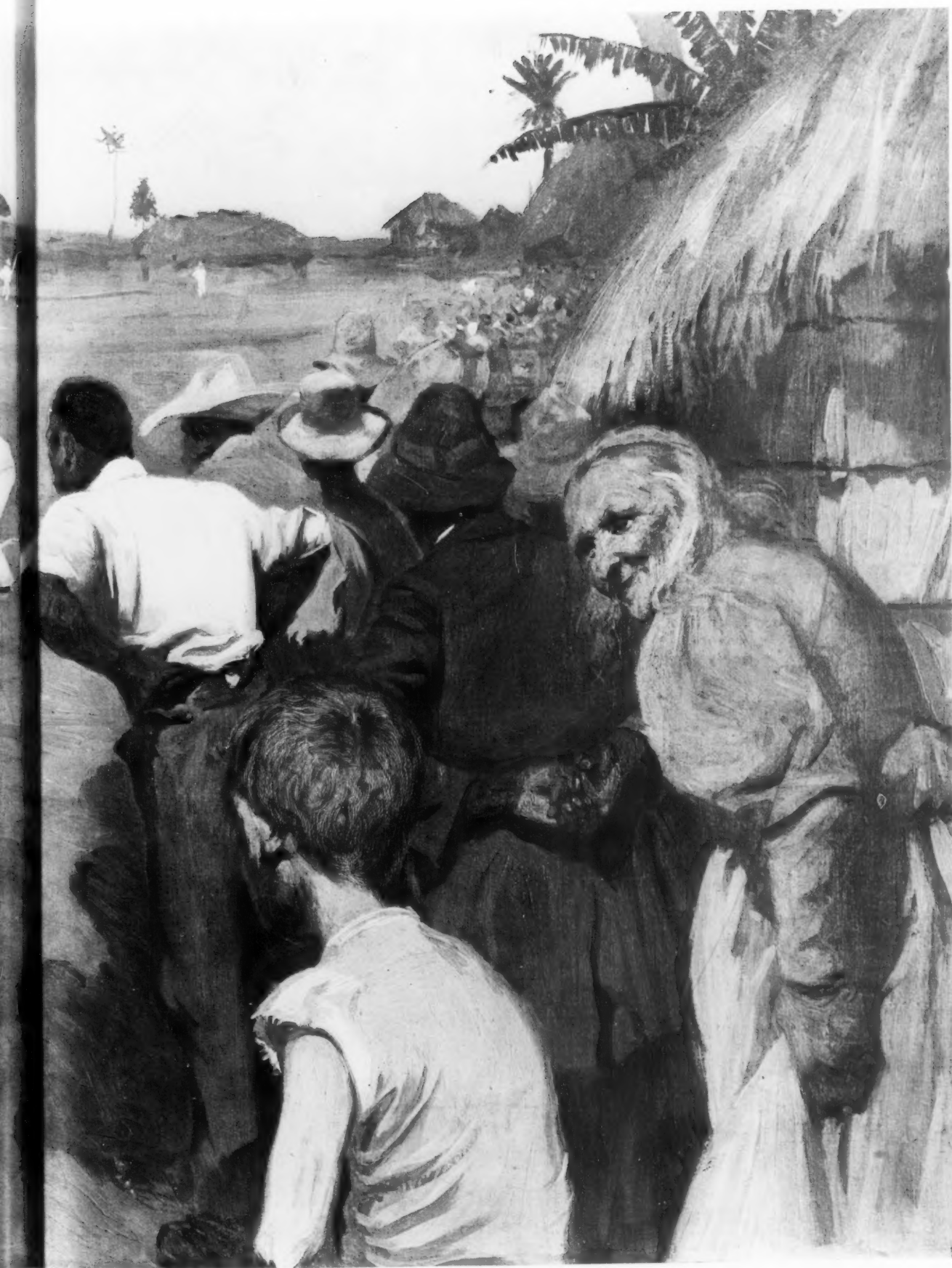


"Senator Lexow looked lonely."



THE OCCUPATION OF CUBA—BASEBALL BETWEEN OUR ARMY AND

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE



THE ARMY AND NAVY AT GUANTANAMO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1898

J.M.W. TURNER

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"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU, BUNNY, TO OUR DISTINGUISHED COLLEAGUE, MR. REGINALD CRAWSHAY"

ADVENTURES OF A. J. RAFFLES—V

By E. W. HORNING

THE RETURN MATCH



HAD turned into Piccadilly, one thick evening in the following November, when my guilty heart stood still at the sudden grip of a hand upon my arm. I thought—I was always thinking—that my inevitable hour was come at last. It was only Raffles, however, who stood smiling at me through the fog.

"Well met!" said he. "I've been looking for you at the club."

"I was just on my way there," I returned, with an attempt to hide my tremors. It was an ineffectual attempt, as I saw from his broader smile and the little deprecatory shake of his head.

"Come up to my place instead," said he. "I've something amusing to tell you."

I made excuses, for his tone foretold the kind of amusement, and it was a kind against which I had successfully set my face for months. I have stated before, however, and I can but reiterate, that to me, at all events, there was never anybody in the world so irresistible as Raffles when his mind was made up. That we had both been independent of crime since our little service to Sir Bernard Debenham—that there had been no occasion for that masterful mind to be made up in any such direction for many a day—was the undeniable basis of a longer spell of honesty than I had hitherto enjoyed during the term of our mutual intimacy. Be sure I would deny it if I could; the very thing I am to tell you would discredit such a boast. I made my excuses, as I have said. But his arm slid through mine, with his little laugh of light-hearted mastery. And

even while I argued we were on his staircase in the Albany.

His fire had fallen low. He poked and replenished it after lighting the gas. As for me, I stood by sullenly in my overcoat until he dragged it off my back.

"What a chap you are!" said Raffles playfully. "One would really think I had proposed to crack another crib this blessed night! Well, it isn't that, Bunny; so get into that chair, and take one of these Sullivans and sit tight."

He held the match to my cigarette; he brought me a whisky and soda. Then he went out into the lobby, and, just as I was beginning to feel happy, I heard a bolt shot home. It cost me an effort to remain in that chair; next moment he was straddling another and gloating over my discomfiture across his folded arms.

"You remember Milchester, Bunny, my boy?"

His tone was as bland as mine was grim when I answered that I did.

"We had a little match there that wasn't down on the card. Gentlemen and Players, if you recollect?"

"I don't forget it."

"Seeing that you never got an innings, so to speak, I thought you might. Well, the Gentlemen romped in winners, and the Players went presently to quod—"

"Poor beggars!"

"Don't be too sure. You remember the fellow we saw in the inn? The florid, overdressed chap who, I told you, was one of the cleverest thieves in town?"

"I remember him. Crawshaw his name turned out to be."

"Well, it was certainly the name he was convicted under, so Crawshaw let it be. You needn't waste any pity on him, old chap; he escaped from Dartmoor yesterday afternoon."

"Well done!"

Raffles smiled, but his eyebrows had gone up, and his shoulders followed suit.

"You are perfectly right; it was very well done indeed. I wonder you didn't see it in the paper. In a dense fog on the moor yesterday good old Crawshaw made a bolt for it, and got away without a scratch under heavy fire. All honor to him, I agree; a fellow with that much grit deserves his liberty. But Crawshaw has a good deal more. They hunted him all night long; couldn't find him for nuts; and that was all you missed in the morning papers."

He unfolded a "Pall Mall," which he had brought in with him.

"But listen to this; here's an account of the escape, with just the addition which puts the whole thing on a higher level. The fugitive has been traced to Totnes, where he appears to have committed a peculiarly daring outrage in the early hours of this morning. He is reported to have entered the lodgings of the Rev. A. H. Ellingworth, curate of the parish, who missed his clothes on rising at the usual hour; later in the morning those of the convict were discovered neatly folded at the bottom of a drawer. Meanwhile Crawshaw had made good his second escape, though it is believed that so distinctive a disguise will lead to his recapture during the day." What do you think of that, Bunny?"

"He is certainly a sportsman," said I, reaching for the paper.

"He's more," said Raffles; "he's an artist, and I envy him. The curate, of all men! Beautiful—beautiful! But that's not all. I saw just now on the board at the club that there's been an outrage on the line near Dawlish. Parson found insensible in the six-foot way. Our friend again! The telegram doesn't say so, but it's obvious; he's simply knocked some other fellow out, changed clothes again, and come on gayly to town. Isn't it great? I do believe it's the best thing of the kind that's ever been done!"

"But why should he come to town?"

In an instant the enthusiasm faded from Raffles's face; clearly I had reminded him of some prime anxiety, forgotten in his impersonal joy over the exploit of a fellow criminal. He looked over his shoulder toward the lobby before replying.

"I believe," said he, "that the beggar's on my tracks!"

And as he spoke he was himself again—quietly amused—cynically unperturbed—characteristically enjoying the situation and my surprise.

"But look here, what do you mean?" said I.

"What does Crawshaw know about you?"

"Not much; but he suspects."

"Why should he?"

"Because, in his way, he's very nearly as good a man as I am; because, my dear Bunny, with eyes in his head and brains behind them, he couldn't help suspecting. He saw me once in town with old Baird. He must have seen me that day in the pub. on the way to Milchester, as well as afterward on the cricket field. As a matter of fact, I know he did, for he wrote and told me so before his trial."

"He wrote to you! And you never told me!"

The old shrug answered the old grievance.

"What was the good, my dear fellow? It would only have worried you."

"Well; what did he say?"

"That he was sorry he had been run in before getting back to town, as he had proposed doing himself the honor of paying me a call; however, he trusted it was only a pleasure deferred, and he begged me not to go and get lagged myself before he came out. Of course, he knew the Melrose necklace was gone, though he hadn't got it; and he said that the man who could take that and leave the rest was a man after his own heart. And so on, with certain little proposals for the far future, which, I fear, may be the very near future indeed! I'm only surprised he hasn't turned up yet."

He looked again toward the lobby which he had left in darkness, with the inner door shut as carefully as the outer one. I asked him what he meant to do.

"Let him knock—if he gets so far. The porter is to say I'm out of town; it will be true, too, in another hour or so."

"You're going off to-night?"

"By the 7.15 from Liverpool Street. I don't say much about any people, Bunny, but I have the best of sisters married to a country parson in the eastern counties. They always make me welcome,

and let me read the lessons for the sake of getting me to church. I'm sorry you won't be there to hear me on Sunday, Bunny. I've figured out some of my best schemes in that parish, and I know of no better port in a storm. But I must pack. I thought I'd just let you know where I was going, and why, in case you cared to follow my example."

He flung the stump of his cigarette into the fire, stretched himself as he rose, and remained so long in that inelegant attitude that my eyes mounted from his body to his face; a second later they had followed his across the room, and I also was on my legs. On the threshold of the folding-doors that divided bedroom and sitting-room, a well-built man stood in ill-fitting broadcloth, and bowed to us until his bullet head presented an unbroken disk of short red hair.

Brief as was my survey of this astounding apparition, the interval was long enough for Raffles to recover his composure; his hands were in his pockets, and a smile on his face, when my eyes flew back to him.

"Let me introduce you, Bunny," said he, "to our distinguished colleague, Mr. Reginald Crawshaw."

The bullet head bobbed up, and there was a wrinkled brow above the coarse, shaven face that was crimson, I remember, from the grip of a collar several sizes too small. But I noted nothing consciously at the time. I had jumped to my own conclusion, and I turned on Raffles with an oath.

"It's a trick!" I cried. "It's another of your cursed tricks! You got him here, and then you got me. You want me to join you, I suppose? I'll see you hanged!"

So cold was the stare which met this outburst that I became ashamed of my words while they were yet upon my lips.

"Really, Bunny!" said Raffles, and turned his shoulder with a shrug.

"Lord love yer," cried Crawshaw. "'e knew nothin'. 'E didn't expect me; e's all right. And you're the cool canary, you are." He went on to Raffles. "I knoo you were, but, do me proud, you're one after my own kidney!" And he thrust out a shaggy hand.

"After that," said Raffles, taking it, "what am I to say? But you must have heard my opinion of you. I am proud to make your acquaintance. How the deuce did you get in?"

"Never you mind," said Crawshaw, loosening his collar; "let's talk about how I'm to get out. Lord love yer, but that's better!" There was a livid ring round his bull-neck, that he fingered tenderly. "Didn't know how much longer I might have to play the gent," he explained; "didn't know who you'd bring in."

"Drink whisky and soda?" inquired Raffles, when the convict was in the chair from which I had leaped.

"No, I drink it neat," replied Crawshaw, "but I talk business first. You don't get over me like that, Lor' love yer!"

"Well, then, what can I do for you?"

"You know without me tellin' you."

"Give it a name."

"Clean heels, then; that's what I want to show, and I leave the way to you. We're brothers in arms, though I ain't armed this time. It ain't necessary. You've too much sense. But brothers we are, and you'll see a brother through. Let's put it at that. You'll see me through in yer own way. I leave it all to you."

His tone was rich with conciliation and concession; he bent over and tore a pair of button boots from his bare feet, which he stretched toward the fire, painfully uncurling his toes.

"I hope you take a larger size than them," he said. "I'd have had a see if you'd given me time. I wasn't in long afore you."

"And you won't tell me how you got in?"

"'Wot's the use? I can't teach you nothin'. Besides, I want out. I want out of London, an' England, an' bloom in' Europe too. That's all I want of you, mister. I don't arst how you go on the job. You know where I come from, 'cos I heard you say; you know where I want to 'ead for, 'cos I've just told yer; the details I leave entirely to you."

"Well," said Raffles, "we must see what can be done."

"We must," said Mr. Crawshaw, and leaned back comfortably, and began twirling his stubby thumbs.

Raffles turned to me with a twinkle in his eye; but his forehead was scored with thought, and resolve mingled with resignation in the lines of his mouth. And he spoke exactly as though he and I were alone in the room.

"You seize the situation, Bunny? If our friend here is 'copped,' to speak his language, he means to 'blow the gaff' on you and me. He is too considerate to say so in so many words, but it's plain enough, and natural enough for that matter. I would do the same in his place. We had the bulge before; he has it now; it's perfectly fair. We must take on this job; we aren't in a position to refuse it; even if we were, I should take it on. Our friend is a great sportsman; he has got clear away from Dartmoor; it would be a thousand pities to let him go back. Nor shall he; not if I can think of a way of getting him abroad."

"Aly way you like," murmured Crawshaw, with his eyes shut. "I leave it all to you."

"But you'll have to wake up and tell us things."

"All right, mister; but I'm fair on the rocks for a sleep!"

And he stood up, blinking.

"Think you were traced to town?"

"Must have been."

"And here?"

"Not in this fog—with any luck."

Raffles went into the bedroom, lighted the gas there, and returned next minute.

"So you got in by the window?"

"That's about it."

"It was devilish smart of you to know which one; it beats me how you brought it off in daylight, fog or no fog! But let that pass. You don't think you were seen?"

"I don't think it, sir."

"Well, let's hope you are right. I shall reconnoiter and soon find out. And you'd better come too, Bunny, and have something to eat and talk it over."

As Raffles looked at me, I looked at Crawshaw, anticipating trouble; and trouble brewed in his blank, fierce face, in the glitter of his startled eyes, in the sudden closing of his fists.

"And what's to become of me?" he cried out with an oath.

"You wait here."

"No, you don't!" he roared, and at a bound had his back to the door. "You don't get round me like that, you cuckoo!"

Raffles turned to me with a twitch of the shoulders.

"That's the worst of these professors," said he; "they will not use their heads. They see the pegs, and they mean to hit 'em; but that's all they do see and mean, and they think we're the same. No wonder we licked them last time!"

"Don't talk through your neck," snarled the convict. "Talk out straight, curse you!"

"Right!" said Raffles. "I'll talk as straight as you like. You say you put yourself in my hands—you leave it all to me—yet you don't trust me an inch! I know what's to happen if I fail. I accept the risk. I take this thing on. Yet you think I'm going straight out to give you away and make you give me away in turn. You're a fool, Mr. Crawshaw, though you have broken Dartmoor; you've got to listen to a better man, and obey him. I see you through in my own way, or not at all. I come and go as I like, and with whom I like, without your interference; you stay here and lie just as low as you know how, be as wise as your word, and leave the whole thing to me. If you won't—if you're fool enough not to trust me—there's the door. Go out and say what you like, and be hanged to you!"

Crawshaw slapped his thigh.

"That's talking!" said he. "Lord love yer, I know where I am when you talk like that. I'll trust yer. I know a man when he gets his tongue between his teeth; you're all right. I don't say so much about this other gent, though I saw him along with you on the job that time in the provinces; but if he's a pal of yours, Mr. Raffles, he'll be all right too. I only hope you gents ain't too stony—"

And he touched his pockets with a rueful face.

"I only went for their togs," said he. "You never struck two such stony-broke cusses in yer life!"

"That's all right," said Raffles. "We'll see you through properly. Leave it to us, and you sit tight."

"Rightum!" said Crawshaw. "And I'll have a sleep time you're gone. But no sperrits—no, thank'ee—not yet. Once let me loose on the drink, and, Lord love yer, I'm a gone coon!"

Raffles got his overcoat, a long, light driving-coat, I remember, and even as he put it on our fugitive was dozing in the chair; we left him murmuring incoherently, with the gas out, and his bare feet toasting.

"Not such a bad chap, that professor," said Raffles on the stairs; "a real genius in his way, too, though his methods are a little elementary for my taste. But technique isn't everything; to get out of Dartmoor and into the Albany in the same twenty-four hours is a whole that justifies its parts. Good Lord!"

We had passed a man in the foggy courtyard, and Raffles had nipped my arm.

"Who was it?"

"The last man we want to see! I hope to heaven he didn't hear me!"

"But who is he, Raffles?"

"Our old friend Mackenzie, from the Yard!"

I stood still with horror.

"Do you think he's on Crawshaw's track?"

"I'll find out."

And before I could remonstrate he had wheeled me round; when I found my voice he merely laughed, and whispered that the bold course was the safe one every time.

"But it's madness—"

"Not it. Shut up. Is that you, Mr. Mackenzie?"

The detective turned about and scrutinized us keenly; and through the gaslit mist I noticed that his hair was grizzled at the temples, and his face still cadaverous, from the wound that had nearly been his death.

"I don't know ye, sirs," said he.

"I hope you're fit again," said my companion.

"My name is Raffles, and we met at Milchester last year."

"Is that a fact?" cried the Scotsman with quite a start. "Yes, now I remember your face, and yours too, sir. Ay, you was a bad business, but it ended vera well, an' that's the main thing."

His native caution had returned to him. Raffles pinched my arm.

"Yes, it ended splendidly, but for you," said he. "But what about this escape of the leader of the gang, that fellow Crawshaw? What do you think of that, eh?"

"I havena the parteculars," replied the Scot. "Good!" cried Raffles. "I was only afraid you might be on his tracks once more!"

Mackenzie shook his head with a dry smile, and wished us good-evening as an invisible window was thrown up and a whistle blown softly through the fog.

"We must see this out," whispered Raffles. "Nothing more natural than a little curiosity on our part. After him quick!"

And we followed the detective into another entrance on the same side as that from which we had emerged, the left-hand side on one's way to Piccadilly; quite openly we followed him, and at the foot of the stairs met one of the porters of the place. Raffles stopped him and asked what was wrong.

"Nothing, sir," said the fellow glibly.

"Rot!" said Raffles. "That was Mackenzie, the detective. I've just been speaking to him. What's he here for? Come on, my good fellow; we won't give you away, if you've instructions not to tell."

The man looked quaintly wistful, the temptation of an audience hot upon him; a door shut upstairs, and he fell.

"It's like this," he whispered. "This afternoon a gentleman comes after rooms, and I sent him to the office; one of the clerks, 'e goes round with 'im an' shows 'im the empties, an' the gentleman's partic'ly struck on the set the coppers is up in now. So he sends the clerk to fetch the manager, as there was one or two things he wished to speak about; an' when they come back, blowed if the gent isn't gone. Beg yer pardon, sir, but he's clean disappeared off the face o' the premises!" And the porter looked at us with shining eyes.

"Well?" said Raffles.

"Well, sir, they looked about, an' looked about, an' at last they give 'im up for a bad job; thought he'd changed his mind an' didn't want to tip the clerk; so they shut up the place an' come away. An' that's all till about 'alf an hour ago, when I takes the manager his extry speshul *Star*; in about ten minutes he comes running out with a note, an' sends me with it to Scotland Yard in a hansom. An' that's all I know, sir—straight. The coppers is up there now, and the 'tec, and the manager, and they think their gent is about the place somewhere still. Least, I reckon that's their idea; but who he is, or what they want him for, I dunno."

"Jolly interesting!" said Raffles. "I'm going up to inquire. Come on, Bunny; there should be some fun."

"Beg yer pardon, Mr. Raffles, but you won't say nothing about me?"

"Not I; you're a good fellow. I won't forget it if this leads to sport. Sport!" he whispered as we reached the landing. "It looks like precious poor sport for you and me, Bunny!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. There's no time to think. This, to start with."

And he thundered on the shut door; a policeman opened it. Raffles strode past him with the air of chief commissioner, and I followed before the man had recovered from his astonishment. The bare boards rang under us; in the bedroom we found a knot of officers standing over the window-ledge with a constable's lantern. Mackenzie was the first to stand upright, and he greeted us with a glare.

"May I ask what you gentlemen want?" said he severely.

"We want to lend a hand," said Raffles briskly. "We lent one once before, and it was my friend here who took over from you the fellow who split on all the rest, and held him tight. Surely that entitles him, at all events, to see any fun that's going? As for myself, well, it's true I only helped to carry you to the house; but for old acquaintance' sake I do hope, my dear Mackenzie, that you will permit us to share such sport as there may be. I myself can only stop a few minutes, in any case."

"Then you won't see much," growled the detective, "for he's not up here. Constable, go you and stand at the foot of the stairs, and let no other body come up on any consideration; these gentlemen may be able to help us, after all."

"That's kind of you, Mackenzie!" cried Raffles warmly. "But what is it all? I questioned one of the porters, but could get nothing out of him, except that somebody had been to see these rooms and not since been seen himself."

"He's a man we want," said Mackenzie. "He's concealed himself somewhere about these premises, or I'm vera much mistaken. Do you reside in the Albany, Mr. Raffles?"

"I do."

"Will your rooms be near these?"

"On the next staircase but one."

"Have you just left them?"

"Just."

"Been in all the afternoon, perhaps?"

"No."

"Then I may have to search your rooms, sir. I am prepared to search every room in the Albany! Our man seems to have gone for the leads; but unless he's left more marks outside than in, or we find him up there, I shall have the entire building to ransack."

"I will leave you my key," said Raffles at once. "I am dining out, but I'll leave it with the officer down below."

I caught my breath in mute amazement. What was the meaning of this insane promise? It was willful, gratuitous, suicidal; it made me pluck at his sleeve in open horror and disgust; but, with a word of thanks, Mackenzie had returned to his window-sill and we sauntered unwatched through the folding-doors into the adjoining room. Here the window looked down into the courtyard; it was still open; and as we gazed out in apparent idleness, Raffles reassured me.

"It's all right, Bunny; you do what I tell you and leave the rest to me. It's a tight corner, but I don't despair. What you've got to do is to stick to these chaps, especially if they search my rooms; they mustn't poke about more than necessary, and they won't if you're there."

"But where will you be? You're never going to leave me to be landed alone?"



WITH A WORD OF THANKS, MACKENZIE HAD RETURNED TO HIS WINDOW-SILL

"If I do, it will be to turn up trumps at the right moment. Besides, there are such things as windows, and Crawshaw's the man to take his risks. You must trust me, Bunny; you've known me long enough."

"And you're going now?"

"There's no time to lose. Stick to them, old chap; don't let them suspect you, whatever else you do."

His hand lay an instant on my shoulder: then he left me at the window, and recrossed the room.

"I've got to go now," I heard him say; "but my friend will stay and see this through, and I'll leave the gas on in my rooms and my key with the constable downstairs. Good luck, Mackenzie; only wish I could stay."

"Good-night, sir," came in a preoccupied voice, "and many thanks."

Mackenzie was still busy at his window, and I remained at mine, a prey to mingled fear and wrath, for all my knowledge of Raffles and of his infinite resource. By this time I felt that I knew more or less what he would do in any given emergency; at least I could conjecture a characteristic course of equal cunning and audacity. He would return to his rooms, put Crawshaw on his guard, and—stow him away? No—there were such things as windows. Then why was Raffles going to desert us all? I thought of many things—lastly of a cab. These bedroom windows looked into a narrow side-street; they were not very high; from them a man might drop on to the roof of a cab—even as it passed—and be driven away—even under the noses of the police! I pictured Raffles driving that cab, unrecognizable in the foggy night; the vision came to me

as he passed under the window, tucking up the collar of his great driving-coat on the way to his rooms; it was still with me when he passed again on his way back, and stopped to hand the constable his key.

"We're on his track," said a voice behind me. "He's got up on the leads, sure enough, though how he's managed it from yon window is a mystery to me. We're going to look up here and try from the attics. So you'd better come with us if you've a mind."

The top floor at the Albany, as elsewhere, is devoted to the servants—congeries of little kitchens and cubicles, used by many as lumber-rooms—by Raffles among the many. The annex in this case was, of course, empty as the rooms below; and that was lucky, for we filled it, what with the manager, who now joined us, and another tenant whom he brought with him, to Mackenzie's undisguised annoyance.

"Better let in Piccadilly at a crown a head," said he. "Here, my man, out you go on the roof to make one less, and have that truncheon ready."

We crowded to the little window, which Mackenzie took care to fill; and a minute yielded no sound but the crunch and slither of constabulary boots upon sooty slates. Then came a shout.

"What is it?" cried Mackenzie.

"A rope," we heard, "hanging from the spout by a hook!"

"Sirs," cried Mackenzie, "that's how he got up from below! He would just sling it up till it caught, an' I never thocht o't! How long a rope, my lad?"

"Quite short. I've got it."

"Did it hang over a window? Ask him that!" cried the manager. "He can see by leaning over the parapet."

The question was repeated by Mackenzie; a pause, then "Yes, it did."

"Ask him how many windows along!" shouted the manager in high excitement.

"Six, he says," said Mackenzie next minute; and he drew in his head and shoulders. "I should just like to see those rooms, six windows along."

"Mr. Raffles's," announced the manager after a mental calculation.

"Is that a fact?" cried Mackenzie.

"Then we shall have no difficulty at all. He's left me his key down below."

The words had a dry, speculative intonation, which even then I found time to dislike; it was as though the coincidence had already struck the Scotsman as something more.

"Where is Mr. Raffles?" asked the manager, as we all filed downstairs.

"He's gone out to his dinner," said Mackenzie.

"Are you sure?"

"I saw him go," said I. My heart was beating horribly. I would not trust myself to speak again. But I wound my way to a front place in the little procession, and was, in fact, the second man to cross the threshold that had been the Rubicon of my life.

A man was lying at full length before the fire on his back, with a little wound in the white forehead, and the blood running into his eyes. And the man was Raffles himself.

"Suicide," said Mackenzie calmly.

"No—here's the poker—looks more like murder." He went on his knees, and shook his head quite cheerfully.

"An' it's not even murder," said he with a shade of disgust in his voice; "yon's no more than a flesh-wound, and I have my doubts whether it felled him; but, sirs, he just stinks o' chloroform!"

He got up and fixed his keen gray eyes upon me; my own were full of tears, but they faced him unashamed.

"I understood you to say you saw him go out?" said he sternly.

"I saw that long driving-coat; of course I thought he was inside it."

"And I could ha' sworn it was the same gent when he gave me the key!"

It was the disconsolate voice of the constable in the background; on him turned Mackenzie, white to the lips.

"You'd think anything, some of you policemen," said he. "What's your number, you rotter? P 34? By the God that made you, P 34, if I lose him I'll hound you from the force!"

"Difficult thing to break your own head," said Raffles later; "infinitely easier to cut your own throat. Chloroform's another matter; when you've used it on others, you know the dose to a nicety. So you thought I was really gone! Poor old Bunny! But I hope Mackenzie saw your face?"

"He did," said I. I would not tell him all Mackenzie had seen, however. "And now we sink or swim with Crawshaw too," I added dolefully.

"Not we!" said Raffles with conviction. "Old Crawshaw's a true sportsman, and he'll do by us as we've done by him; besides, this makes us quits; and I don't think, Bunny, that we'll take on the professors again!"



AN IMPORTANT DRAMATIC EVENT —RICHARD MANSFIELD AS *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*

THE PLAY OF THE SEASON—"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

CYRANO DE BERGERAC'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF

VERSION OF EDMOND ROSTAND, THE AUTHOR

Act V., Scene VI.

"*Philosophe, physicien,
Rimeur, bretteur, musicien,
Et voyageur arien,
Grand riposteur du-tac au tac,
Amant aussi—pas pour son bien!—
Ci-git Hercule-Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac
Qui fut tout, et qui ne fut rien.*"

VERSION OF HOWARD THAYER KINGSBURY, AS SPOKEN BY RICHARD MANSFIELD, THE ACTOR

Act V.

"Philosopher—physician,
Poet, fighter and musician,
And a traveler by constellation to the moon.
His sword-point always ready,
His sword-arm always steady,
And a lover to whom love was ne'er a boon."

THE SMALLE FOWLES

HOW is it that no one going thither from our own vocal woods has yet remarked how completely *la caccia* has given to the greater part of Italy a silent spring? Wordsworth, who could not smell, said that nature faced him like a vision. So does she front you like a vision in Italy, where you cannot hear.

For English ears the singing of birds is the most significant of sounds. Spring is the most significant of all seasons—the youngest season and most full of the past, and of keen memory to the youngest heart. A child of seven has a poignant remembrance of the past in April evenings. And to the older heart spring looks

Sad with the promise of a different sun.

Of these emotions the thrush speaks at evening, and the cuckoo at midnight, and the blackbird at dawn.

If those voices spoke in Italy, the spring of that land of spring might have too sharp an edge. For in England the season is moderate. But if the sunrise over those pines and the early moon upon that sea has also such a voice, one could hardly endure it. The color of the Mediterranean confesses the season, so do the loneliest hilltops where the wild thyme is renewed, so do the evergreen ilexes. It is a more touching confession than that of the rich fields. Such is, to scent and sight, the dumb spring of the mountain littoral. And so it is in the garden of Tuscany. They shoot the birds incessantly in the vineyards, and snare them upon the hilltops, where the soil is thin, and the all-thrifty husbandman cannot plow, but must give way to the wild lavender.

For such paltry sport as this *caccia* there are, needless to say, no game laws, except such as a landowner may make for himself. There are no fences in Tuscany. You may walk along a whole hillside, passing imperceptibly through several properties, and you may stray from the high road into the vineyards. The sportsman therefore takes his gun and his dog whither he will. All this silencing of the chestnut woods and orange gardens is for the sake of the great masculine passion of the chase, and for the sake also of that dish of small birds which has its place in the menu of every really Italian dinner. And as with the dishes, so with the dress of women. There is no law. "We found a nest," said Emily Brontë, "full of little skeletons."

The whole thing proves once again the irresistible force of the most trivial of all tyrannies—the tyranny of mere human numbers. For this tyranny our education has taught us all some degree of futile reverence. For example, we have all been asked to admire the numbers of the letters sent through the post, the numbers exported and imported. All this is not in the least worthy of respect. A chorus of Handel Festival gives an excellent lesson upon the futility of numbers. For nothing avails, nothing has value, nothing has meaning, except the unit.

None the less is this indistinguishable force of multiplied numbers all-victorious. See the case in point. Sorry sport and sorry dress—the most absurd form of the hunting passion and the commonest form of showy economy, cheap shooting, and cheap trimming—need but the weight, the dead weight, of numbers to make them conquer. There is something oppressive to the thought in this enormous multiplication of negligible things. It is a squalid infinity. Millions and millions of beads, millions of eggs indifferently fresh, millions of novels—really the contemplation of numbers is not gay. An idle Italian multiplied so many times: a woman with no taste or dignity and a limited dress-allowance, multiplied much, much oftener: of these two uninteresting things you can accumulate power enough to destroy far more than all the flocks of birds in the world. Numbers are quite irresponsible. For divide the responsibility of a fashion among the millions who practice it, and really each share is so small that you are obliged to absolve every conscience of its inconsiderable sin. You hasten to forgive an offense so grotesque. Enormous multiplication makes ridiculous division.

This trivial woman in her numbers has launched a thousand ships. Nay, what was the act of Helen's beauty compared with hers? She has launched a thousand fleets. The navies of the world either carry her imitation jet or guard the ships that carry it. Blood and intellect are spent for her sham face. Whole populations are engaged in sewing it on. Squalid cities quicken with life, of a kind, so that shops enough may distribute it, and distribute it cheap enough.

To use the wing of a bird for this poor

art of modern dress is really the negation of art. It is precisely like that great feat of "realism," the bringing of a real hansom cab out of the real dull street upon a triumphant stage. Outside the theatre it was a hansom, inside it is "realism." But, in fact, it is not realism at all; it is reality—quite another thing, a thing of another kind and in another order. The wing of a bird is an exquisite cause of decorative art. The life of the pinion, the series of the feathers, the gradation, the beautiful mystery of the folding for the purpose of unfolding—the mystery that meets us in the palm-leaf, in the crumpled bud, and most wonderfully in the seed-pod of bulrush and thistle—all these have found their way into many a vital curve and into many a gay sweep of pencil and of chisel.

Nay, far more than this: the action of the pinion and its power beat in the flight of poetry; they are buoyant in the great iambic line; their pulse is in this divinest of all the arts of man. Oh, silly corruption that slights this inspiration of life to put the thing itself, dead, into the hat of woman!

ALICE MEYNELL.

OUR COLONIES IN THE PACIFIC

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN FRANCISCO, September 27, 1898

LETTERS from Honolulu are productive of surprise. Before the treaty of annexation became a law, it was confidently asserted that its adoption would generate a boom throughout the islands, that land and lots would rise in value, and that there would be a lively demand for all forms of labor. The treaty has gone into effect, the Stars and Stripes float over the government buildings, the opponents of annexation are silent, yet there is no boom anywhere, no speculation has broken out in lots or plantations, and the new arrivals from California find it so difficult to obtain employment of any kind that those who can are buying return tickets. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who is well informed and among the most intelligent of the planters, tells me that annexation insures a new lease of prosperity for the islands; it will come by-and-by. Meanwhile, three classes of persons, and three only, are now wanted in Hawaii: persons who propose to run a sugar plantation, for which a capital of not less than a quarter of a million is required; those who intend to set out a coffee plantation, which requires less capital, but yields no returns for three or four years; and laborers to work on the plantations, an avocation for which white men are unsuited.

The influx of these three classes of immigrants might perhaps have been larger than it has been, had the political future of the islands been more plainly discerned. Nothing is yet known of the plan which will be adopted by Mr. Hitt and his colleagues for the future organization and government of the group. In the meantime, one point is clear. The treaty of annexation would never have been ratified had it been supposed that Hawaii, with only one-twentieth of its population belonging to the white races from which we sprang, would ever have become a State of the Union. Americans would never have assented to annex Hawaii had it been foreseen that the act would have obligated them some day to guarantee to the islands a republican form of government, which, according to the fathers, is a government based on the right of the people—in this case, mainly composed of Kanakas, Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese—to govern themselves. In accepting Mr. Dole's donation of the dominion he claimed, the United States undertook to invent, at their leisure, another form of government, which should not be republican—at least in the old sense of the word.

The problem will assume a still graver aspect when it devolves on Congress to deal with the Philippines. There, at latest advices, all was so quiet that General Otis says he requires no more troops. He holds Manila; Dewey holds the bay; the natives, of whom there are eight or ten millions, more or less, belonging to a variety of heterogeneous races with the Malay predominating, occupy the rest of the one hundred thousand square miles which constitute the area of the group. These natives are of all forms and conditions of men, from fairly intelligent races to races which are scarcely above the level of cannibals; they are alike in their total ignorance of our form of civilization, and of the representative system of government. What is to be done with them? Sir James Bryce says: "Let them

alone; the more you have to do with them, the sorer you will be by-and-by." White-law Reid says: "Organize the islands as a Territory, and govern them from Washington. Let it be understood that they are never to be cut up into States, or to take part in making laws for the present States of the Union."

The objections to both plans *sautent aux yeux*. Sir James's reminds one of Lincoln's story of the coon. We have got Manila, and if we let go, it will reappear into the hands of Aguinaldo's savages, whose favorite amusement is to tie a priest between two boards and saw him in two. When we took Manila, we assumed a responsibility to its people and to the civilized world. We are bound to better its conditions, for if we do not, our operation was simply piratical. If we were not prepared to assume the moral obligation of improving upon the administration of the Spaniards, we had no business to interfere with them. What would become of the islands if they were surrendered to their natives may be inferred from the Spanish prisoners whom we found at Cavite starving to death; and the idea of ceding them to Germany or England, or any other foreign power, would not be tolerated for a moment by Americans.

As to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's scheme of a satrapy, it is a startling departure from American precedent, but it must not be dismissed without study. Precedents abound.

Territories organized under this plan would be like the crown colonies of Great Britain, such as Malta, Ceylon, Cyprus, Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, New Guinea, the Bermudas, British Guiana, most of the British West Indies, and Fiji. The governor, who is appointed by the British crown, is practically a despot, subject to the control of the Colonial Office in Downing Street. In most of the colonies, he is assisted by an executive body or council, which he appoints, and a legislative assembly, some of whose members are elected by the inhabitants. As a general rule, all laws, except those concerning finance and taxation, must originate with the legislative assembly. In some colonies, there is no legislative assembly; government is carried on by the governor and executive council; in others, the assembly has a good deal of power, being authorized to appeal from the governor's veto to the Colonial Office. None of these crown colonies is represented in the Parliament at Westminster, which nevertheless enjoys the right of taxing them.

The French colonies in Africa have something in common with the departments of France proper; they elect deputies and senators to the Chambers. But in Algeria the executive authority is vested in a governor-general appointed at Paris, and the finances of the colony are regulated by the national Chambers. Tunis is ruled by a president, who is practically a despot, and the same plan is pursued in Guadeloupe and Martinique, though each sends a deputy to Paris.

The government of British India is the most perfect example of satrapy now in existence. Both legislative and executive authority are vested in the governor-general, who is assisted by a council of five members, and is subject to the control of the Secretary of State for India and his council of fifteen. There is no such thing as a representative assembly, or popular branch of the government; the governors of Madras and Bombay, being appointed by the crown, are the only officials who do not derive their authority from the Viceroy at Calcutta. The practical work of administration is conducted by the collectors, who are supreme magistrates in their districts, except that their decisions are subject to review by the district judges and after them by the high courts of appeal at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. A whole army of highly educated Englishmen are employed in the civil and military service of the vice-royalty; the system has been commended because it

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furnishes employment to the younger sons of the aristocracy and to impecunious graduates of the universities; whether it is popular with the educated natives is, and for the present will continue to be, a matter of controversy.

If we retain the Philippines as a Territory, as Mr. Whitelaw Reid suggests, we must adopt some modification of some one of these systems. It would be impossible, at least at present, to clothe delegates of the Malays with the power to make laws for the islands. They would certainly use their power to wreak vengeance on their immemorial oppressors, and they would try to destroy the Church, without substituting anything in its place. So much may be inferred from the speeches of Aguinaldo, who is probably a fair type of the more intelligent among them. And if we do not allow the Malays to govern themselves, we must be prepared to undertake the task, which involves a standing army and navy with all that those institutions imply. In these days of general opulence it is perhaps hardly worth while to dwell on the expense which such an enterprise would involve; a graver consideration is the spread of the spirit of militarism, which has proved such a hindrance to progress in Europe, and from which we have hitherto been free.

To hold the Philippines against the insurrections which would be sure to break out from time to time an army of fifty thousand men would have to be kept on a war footing at the strategic points, and a naval squadron not inferior to that which Dewey commands would be equally necessary. It is easy to figure how large a body of able-bodied men would then be withdrawn from the productive pursuits of peace, and how many of our most prominent university graduates would be lured from useful callings by the glitter of uniforms and visions of glory. Sir James Bryce fears that the commonwealth would lose more by the diversion of wholesome force into idle directions than it could gain by the ownership of all the islands.

It must also be remembered that the acquisition of the Philippines would open no new field for white labor. The sugar and hemp and tobacco of the islands are now raised by colored labor and must ever remain so. The white man cannot work in the tropics, especially if they are swampy. England never succeeded in decanting any portion of her surplus laboring force into India, nor did Holland into Java. The white man may be a merchant or an overseer, but he cannot help make the crop; and after a few years' work in a higher capacity, his vital force decays, and he becomes more and more dependent on the helot race for the necessities of life. If we absorb the islands, and convert them into a satrapy, or a territory, or what not, they may, in fifty years, be inhabited by two races, a master race and a servile race, such as we now observe in parts of the South, and in self-defense a modified form of involuntary servitude may have to be adopted by the owners of the land; is it wise to court such a contingency?

And yet if we have got the coon, what are we to do with him?

JOHN BONNER.

WHERE PRICE REGULATES QUALITY.

The quality of anything invariably regulates its price. It is a reasonable presumption that, all else being equal, the thing which costs the most is the best. This is particularly true of Champagne, the wholesale prices of which are regulated for the entire world by the London market. In which the greatest connoisseurs and most discriminating judges are engaged. Here Pommery invariably sells at a higher price than other Champagnes. This is proof positive that it is considered by the best judges to be superior. In America its retail price is usually the same as other brands, but those familiar with the facts appreciate that they are getting better value for their money if they order Pommery.

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FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

DIFFICULTY The interest at Yale centers about Cadwalader's vacant place in the middle of the line. This young man's shoes seem hard to fill, and thus far Captain Chamberlain has not satisfied himself with any of his candidates. Brown is apparently able to convert touch-downs into goals with as great facility as that of his companion guard of last season. But the rest of Cadwalader's duties are not so easily performed by another man. Cullen, the clergyman, is showing the result of the labor expended upon him last year previous to the final decision in Cadwalader's favor, but there is plenty of work ahead if he is to hold the place. He is a powerful fellow, extremely prominent in muscular development, but lacking in length. Few outsiders appreciate the value of height in a center man. It enables him to cover much more ground both on offensive and defensive play, as was perhaps best exhibited by the work of Corbin, the old Yale center. Could Cullen be stretched out a few inches he would find many things that the coaches ask of him much easier of accomplishment. Heavy men are woefully scarce at New Haven, and Captain Chamberlain reads with a distinct longing the list of the "fat man's squad" that McMaster is reported to be reducing at Cambridge. It is only natural for him to make comparisons with his last year's line, and the conclusions he must reach are far from agreeable.

PRINCETON'S PLANS Princeton is struggling along endeavoring to fill up the places back of the line with men to equal the stars she has had there in past seasons. It is a difficult undertaking, and Captain Hillebrand is finding it so. There was a time when Princeton was almost overburdened with material for these places. Only last year, with Baird, Wheeler, Ayres, Kelly and Reiter, there seemed nothing that Princeton could not undertake in the way of running and kicking methods and performance, but good times seldom last long, and the present season is a striking instance of this. The overplus of backs last year has been transferred to the middle of the line this season, where, with Booth, Edwards, Mills, Filson, Beam and Crowdis, three of them men tried and found far from wanting in the play last year, Princeton should be able to send out a center trio that no other team can match. Filson is a former player of good class, and was looked upon last season as an extremely likely possibility, and Beam has been used upon occasion to excellent advantage. The only possible criticism of this array of candidates might lie in the fact that they are very heavy, and the difficulty of keeping heavy men up to the standard of quickness and life is one that has always menaced trainers and coaches. Still more, when the heavy men are veterans, and hence lacking in that stimulus of enthusiasm possessed by younger players, the problem is doubly hard. The Princeton coaches are not in the least forgetful of this point, however, and are giving the heavy line men some good stiff work, as well as runs, to take off some of their overweight and make them quicker in action. Further out in the line Princeton's difficulties increase, but the material looks good. Captain Hillebrand himself will fill his old position of tackle satisfactorily, provided, of course, he does not become infected with what may well be called "captain's fever"—that is, the desire that seems invariably to spring up in the breast of a newly elected captain to play some other position than the one he has formerly occupied, and for which he has always been considered eminently fitted. There are few captains that escape a touch of this contagion, but most of them are speedily cured by the ministrations of the coaches. Gill, the former Yale captain and tackle, tried himself at half-back for a while. Trafford, the Harvard captain, went up from full-back to quarter; even Hinkey did not escape the infection, and, substituting as half-back, put up a good game there; while this year Dibblee of Harvard has already tried a little at full-back; and Outland of Pennsylvania has gone out of the line into the position of half, and even taken a turn at passing the ball as quarter. If Hillebrand stays in his old position, then there are some very promising hopes of filling up the tackles with success, for the candidates on the other side of the line are headed by Geer, a man who has already exhibited his caliber and who was regarded with favor last season. A former Lawrenceville captain, Mills, if not needed more at guard, is looked upon as a close second, and there does not seem to be any great amount of concern expressed over the loss of Holt. Lathrop could be pretty sure of one of the ends, while Palmer and Poe are being tried for the other. But here no amount of candidates will ever quite make up for the loss of Cochran, who, when fit, was certainly one of the most remarkable ends of any team. No end of his weight has ever compared with him in ability to get down the field under kicks, judging the distance with absolute accuracy and no loss of speed, and almost never missing his man. If it be true that one good player always leads the way for an advance in

the play of his position at his special university, Garrett Cochran ought to be followed at Princeton by a number of first-class ends, and the knowledge and style already exhibited by his understudies promises this. At quarter, Roper, Sutor and Rosengarten are all being tried. It will be a long time before Princeton men forget that hair-raising run of Sutor's in the first game after the renewal of relations between Harvard and Princeton; but Roper seems more of an all-round quarter.

Training at Princeton for the past few years has been a problem calling forth much discussion among those who have carefully studied the situation.

The well-known adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," tells the error of the past. Division of power, hence of responsibility, necessarily entails diversity of opinion and conflict in methods and authority. Centralization of power, with undivided responsibility, has been the outcome of the situation.

When coaches, captain and doctor override the trainer in his particular field, there is no one upon whose head can justly be laid the blame for failure of condition.

Having passed through this peculiar stage, Princeton this year banks her all, physically, upon her trainer. In his sphere his word will be law, and his will be the glory or the blame.

Of course, in matters surgical or medical beyond his professed ability, he will be aided by a doctor, who will also at all times be his counselor and aid. And, too, in cases requiring peculiar treatment, the skill of specialists will be at his command.

Princeton's trainer for the season will be Mr. Walter M. Christie, whose work with the track team of '98, a team composed of but thirteen men, certainly lent encouragement and hope to those who look for success under his regime.

One innovation in the methods employed is the elimination of "summer practice."

This, with decreased length of daily work throughout the season, added vim during the daily practice, the use of lighter and more active men on the team, Princeton hopes may bring about more "snap" in play, which latterly has been sacrificed to heavy mass work.

Hence the supporters of the Orange and Black look forward to the approaching season with increased hope for a successful solution of the problem of "condition."

HARVARD'S PROGRESS At Cambridge there has been a lot of hard work done in trying to sift the material into some sort of shape and get the best of it where it will do the most good. Sometimes it has looked hopeless, for a man who was putting up a good game for the first day or two, just when the coach felt that he had in him a veritable "find," would go all to pieces and play a game not worthy of a high school team. However, the work has not been without result, and one can see some indications of order coming out of the chaos. Burden, substitute center of last year's team, is being tried at guard, while Sargent, Kason and Eaton have been given a chance to snap the ball. Scott, a recent acquisition, will push them. Naturally, the most promising man for the guard position is Boal, who showed up so well last season. He is strong, active, and has the spirit. The other Sargent is trying again for guard. He has the weight, but not the activity. When we get out to tackle we find the men who came up with such promise in former years incapacitated, or apparently so, by the vestige of old injuries. Never were fairer prospects than those of such men as Donald, Swain and Jaffray, and it does seem as though in this respect no luck of any of the other universities was as hard as that of Harvard. The ordinary football injury ought not to lay a man up for future seasons, and it may be that some one of these men may yet be found in the line. Lawrence seems to be getting the greatest part of the attention, and is a very likely man. He played on his class team last year, and is regarded as an extremely aggressive player. Trainor is another candidate who exhibits possibilities, though naturally there is a hope that Mills will be able to take the place. The places of Cabot and Moulton have plenty of applicants. I am inclined to think that Cochran, unless he is knocked to pieces out on the end, may be wanted as change at quarter, but for the present he is being used as an end. Gray, Farley, Hallowell and Cooper have also lined up there at one time or another. Richardson was practically sure of a place from his performance of last season. Then there is Fincke, who has been rather looked upon as quarter-back material, and will prove too light for the modern style of end play, unless the theories of most of the other teams are all wrong. If Harvard goes upon the principle that weight is not needed outside the three center positions, she will find her team wholly unable to stop Pennsylvania's mass plays on November 5; for these plays may be directed on a line with tackle, or even outside tackle, if the inducement be sufficient. The quick work of a light end will, it is true, be serviceable against quarter-back kicks, but not against Pennsylvania's running game. Against Yale the difficulty might not be as marked, but even here it would look like tempting Providence to play light men. Daly, who played quarter last year on his class team, is at present the fancy of many for that position on the varsity this sea-

son. Every one is looking for a second Wrenn for this place, and visions of a Dean and Wrenn combined flash across the sight of some. But the combination, or even the ability of either, is a hard thing to find. Hallowell could play the place in good fashion if he had plenty of coaching, and Cochran has the nervous dash and spirit, although rather inclined to over-excitability. But Hallowell, even by name, is looked upon as the man to play end, and it is safe to say that he is more likely to land there.

DEVELOPMENTS AT PENNSYLVANIA At Philadelphia a quarter-back is being made and the men behind the line shifted and worked to mold them into what Coach Woodruff wants for his general assault. As I said last week, quarter-back kicking will be a feature of the practice; but, in addition, there is a theory, already partially developed at Pennsylvania, that will be made much more of this season, and will be fairly launched. It is not a new theory, but it is a valuable one for all that. It is that not by any means as much has been made of the placing of punts by the back as is possible. Last season Woodruff coached some of this into Minds, and in one or two games the result was satisfactory. This year more will be made of it, and the opponents will be kept guessing as to the point at which to cover Pennsylvania's punts. Instead of driving the ball straight down the field as far as possible (and as a result virtually directly into the hands of the opposing full-back, thus giving always, and especially when kicking with the wind, a chance of running the ball back), Pennsylvania's punts will be slanted across the field and placed as invariably as possible at such point as will make the hardest work possible for the opposing back to handle them. Meantime every opportunity will be given Pennsylvania's men to reach the spot, and at times where a short kick is practicable there will be of these men, as in the quarter-back kick, one or more on side, and hence at liberty to secure the ball if possible. Pennsylvania will greatly miss the punting and line plunging of Minds, her last year's captain. Walker, who played substitute full-back last year, is the most likely candidate for ex-Captain Minds' position. Captain Outland, who played right tackle last year, became quite proficient in the art of punting during spring practice. He will play back of the line this year. Jackson, left half-back, graduated; and Morice, right half-back, will be unfit for football this fall, so both half-back positions are to be filled by new men. Captain Outland, McMahon and Harrison are the most promising candidates. Captain Outland and McMahon would make a strong pair of backs, but McMahon may be needed in the line, so that Harrison has been given a trial at left half-back. He is light, but very quick on his feet, and eludes tacklers to good advantage. Quarter-back continues Pennsylvania's most troublesome position. This position has given Coach Woodruff more cause for thought than any other on the team, but a determined effort is to be made this year to fill it satisfactorily.

Gardiner, a last year's freshman, and Hedges, end on the '97 team, are the most likely candidates for this position. Gardiner played good ball on the scrub last year, and showed himself to be a heady player, while Hedges showed up well in practice last year at the quarter-back position.

Boyle's brilliant work at left end will be greatly missed. Folwell, who played substitute end last year, and the player upon whom Boyle spent much time teaching his style of play, is likely to make that position.

Carnett, sub-guard last year, is the strongest candidate for tackle.

The three center men—Hare, Overfield and McCracken—should put up a stone wall of defense as well as strong offensive work.

Judging from the material now in view, Pennsylvania will have an aggressive eleven, and Coach Woodruff is said to be very hopeful, and believes he can mold his material into a championship team.

Pennsylvania's schedule is a long and hard one, consisting of thirteen games.

The team has begun its season with practically the same style of play as used last year. The new rules do not in any way retard the use of guards back formation, but instead make it possible for greater varieties of formations with that method, since, under the new rules, the quarter-back can advance the ball to the line of scrimmage. Only a very few modifications have been adopted as the result of past experience. The old quarter-back kick has been practiced more this fall than ever, and the coach is endeavoring to modify this play in such a way as to make it more certain, in which case it will be used to some extent instead of the full-back punt.

Pennsylvania considers her team light this year, and is endeavoring to secure greater quickness and agility as well as concentration of effort.

HARVARD—WEST POINT The Harvard-West Point game on October 15 will attract especial interest, because both teams will be sent hard, and thus give the first real line on the season's football.

With the Harvard-Yale game then a month away, Harvard will hardly lose an opportunity to try out her men and plays. Harvard has won from the Cadets twice, 4 to 0 in 1895, and 10 to 0 in 1897, and has learned that it is well worth the long trip from Cambridge, and a financial loss, to give her candidates a taste of real football before

the middle of the season. Harvard has had to play to win the games in the past, and the chances are that the memory of this fact will make this year's game interesting, although the Cadets have suffered more than Harvard has by the loss of players. With Scales, tackle, Nesbitt, half-back, Williams and Humphrey guards, and Abernethy center, gone from the West Point team, it will be hard to recognize it.

The nucleus of a strong team is left, however, and Captain Kromer has the quality of bringing his men together, and getting work out of them. Kromer is a very good quarter-back, and passed the ball better than any man in that position last year. He handles his team well during a game and is a hard tackler. He has been practicing drop kicking. In this he has natural ability for a short, accurate kick. He may be heard from on this play during the season. Romeyn is beginning his fourth year as full-back. He is a splendid kicker, and outkicked the Harvard man last year. Romeyn has not the remarkable distance of his predecessor, King, but has excellent direction. He is slow in getting the ball away, but Kromer will help him out by his good passing. Romeyn is almost sure to gain when sent from his position straight through the center of the line. An entire new center will have to be produced, and this from rather light candidates. Foy will play right tackle this year. This is the side on which Scales played, but Foy would have played there last year if Scales had been able to do his best running from the left of the line. This should be Foy's best year, and if he plays up to his limit he will be one of the best of the year. He is a ground gainer and gets fine speed and force in running from his position. He follows the ball well. His weakness is on defensive work. Ennis, a "pleb" of last year, played a very satisfactory end with his 190 pounds. He would have been used as a tackle, but there was no place for him. Ennis is a player of much promise, and is trying it at tackle at present. He may be required in the center, however. Waldron is the best half-back West Point now has. Last year he played both at half-back and end. He did well in both places, as he is fast and a good tackler. He is better as a half-back, and has the requisite strength, speed and weight to nearly fill Nesbitt's place. Humphreys will likely play the other half-back position. He is a brilliant ground gainer in an open field, can drop kick, and is a sure catch. He is almost too light for a heavy game when the opposing ends and tackles run the play in well, yet he has managed to make persistent gains against the best teams. Phillips is also a prominent candidate for half-back. Baender of last year's team, and Smith or Heintzelman will likely play the end positions. Heidt, who was a substitute tackle last year, is trying for center. The prominent candidates for guards are light for the place, but there will be a good line of substitutes.

Harvard will present at West Point much the same kind of a team she did last year, except at the ends, where Cabot and Moulton will be sadly missed. There will be the usual weight in the center, and the fast running backs. As Harvard had much to thank Cabot and Moulton for in last year's game, the Cadets are likely to try the ends, when they decide not to kick.

The rumor is current that West Point and Annapolis may play this year. There is no question but that these natural rivals should play an annual game. It would be a decided benefit to the football in both institutions to have such an objective end to their season. As it is now, either every game is an objective game (and these teams must be ranked and judged accordingly, which is a hardship), or else they have no objective game.

There has seldom been a step taken in the interest of clean sport more far-reaching and more manly than that of the University of Wisconsin in the case of Maybury and Cochems. It goes far

to prove not only that a love for clean athletics is steadily growing in strength, but also that steps toward reform must always emanate from within the community where the abuse exists in order to make the reform of real and lasting value. The following letter means more for the eventual purification of middle west athletics than any thus far penned in the many controversies that have arisen:

Whereas, In the course of the past summer intimations came to members of this Athletic Council that J. H. Maybury and H. F. Cochems, students of this university, had participated in certain athletic events held at Spring Green, Wis., during the vacation of 1895, in such a manner as to vitiate their amateur standing; and

Whereas, It has found as the result of a careful investigation by this council that J. H. Maybury and H. F. Cochems did violate the athletic rules of this university and the Western Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association at the meet in Spring Green, held on the 12th and 13th of September, 1895; therefore,

Resolved, That J. H. Maybury and H. F. Cochems be and are hereby declared to have forfeited their amateur standing in this university and all right to participate hereafter



A PUNT

as contestants in any of the teams or athletic events of this university.

Resolved, Further, that the President of the university be requested to transmit the resolutions to the Presidents of the several colleges and universities associated with this university in the Western Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association, and to the Secretary of said association, and to express the regret of this council that no intimation of the participation of said Maybury and said Cochems in said meet was ever given to this council or any member of it before July, 1896, and to express the assurances of this council that if at any time since the summer of 1895 any clue to the participation of said Maybury and said Cochems in the meet at Spring Green had come to them, the matter would have been investigated with the same promptness and vigor that have characterized the action at the present time.

Another fact of which the above is indisputable proof is the value of Faculty interest in the sports of the universities. There may be room for argument upon the question of how advisable Faculty interference in the detail of sport may be, but there can be no contention as to the general improvement in morale that always comes from Faculty interest in and knowledge of the men and methods of a college's athletic work.

Pennsylvania has for years been the best performer of plays involving quarter-back kicking. It may seem strange that this is so, when

one considers that the general province of quarter-back play, outside of this feature, has been more highly developed at some of the other universities. However that may be, the drill for a Pennsylvania quarter-back includes short punting, and it is safe to say that, if the opportunity should serve, a quarter-back kick is likely to be attempted when down in Harvard's goal. Whether other teams have practiced this play or not, the few attempts they have made at it in important games during the last few years have been so puerile as to be worse than useless. Pennsylvania, ever since the time of the last game with Yale, when, if I remember rightly, they took advantage even of that exceptionally clever Yale end, Hinkley, have upon occasions made marked gains, and at the same time retained possession of the ball, by the use of the quarter-back kick.

It looks now as though the entries for the Women's Championship at Ardsley would be as large in proportion as were the entries for the Men's Championship at Morristown, and it seems a pity that only the first eight should be allowed to qualify. Medal play is about as unfair a test of good golf as can possibly be imagined; no better proof of this fact being needed than Choate's capture of the medal for the best gross score in the Championships just over. We understand that efforts were made by various clubs to have the qualifying number enlarged to sixteen; but it seems that eight is the number especially prescribed by the constitution of the National Golf Association; and eight, therefore, it must now remain, as any changes should have been made at the annual meeting. In view of the accessibility of Ardsley, the growing interest and improved play among women, and the perfect season of the year selected by the Ardsley Club, it seems very like carelessness and lack of interest on the part of the committee in charge that all these considerations were overlooked. The small number of entries at Manchester last year has been held up as an ample defense of this lack of foresight; but August is not the coolest time of the year for golf, and Manchester is not the most possible place for the majority of women to reach in the midsummer season.

Ardsley Club itself is doing everything in its power to make the tournament a success, and if great interest and hard work can accomplish anything success ought to be assured. The House Committee have leased the Cottinet place for the accommodation of the women who were not able to secure rooms in the club-house itself, and its appointments are being looked after with special care. The prizes that the club offers are handsome, and all the special events promise to be largely contested, particularly the mixed foursomes (handicap), which are creating much interest, and the rule that the women shall ask the men to play, as well as the men ask the women, should be productive of some startling results.

The course is in the best possible condition for this season of the year, which is particularly trying on the running greens. Mr. Kerr, the secretary for the National Association, was heard to say a few days ago that, all in all, it was in as fine a condition as any course he had seen in this country. This should bring out low scores, and match play of a high order. The qualifying number is so small, and medal play so uncertain, that to predict who will be among the fortunate eight is almost an impossibility; but it is believed that a young woman from Cincinnati will give Miss Hoyt of Shinnecock a contest worthy of the champion.

WALTER CAMP.



PRINCETON vs. LEHIGH.—PASSING FOR A RUN OUTSIDE TACKLE

THE DRAMA

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

THE excitement in Europe and in America over "Cyrano de Bergerac" is one of the wonders of the year. Here is a work, absolutely literary in character, written largely in rhymed couplets, with a poet for hero who composes a ballade while fighting a duel, and with a pastry-cook for low comedian, who, in the most charming verse, tells you how to make an almond tart. That such a work should have a vogue in Paris, where poetry has always kept a more or less secure place in the theatre, may not be surprising; but that the *réclame* should stir England and start two rival American managers to producing it on the same night is indeed a triumph for the poetic drama. For it should be borne in mind that "Cyrano de Bergerac" has won highest praise as a piece of literature. Indeed, so much has been said of it as great literature that one might almost be led to forget that it is first of all a great play.

In this regard Mr. Edmond Rostand has displayed extraordinary cleverness. In writing "Cyrano" he never lost sight of the conventions of the theatre. Instead of making his structure a minor consideration, he gave it the chief importance. So many poets when they write plays, Shakespeare among them, are indifferent to the structure; they regard it merely as a sort of neck-lace on which to string their gems, and an uncommonly bad necklace they often make of it. Mr. Rostand, however, had the advantage of living in a country where stagecraft has become almost a science, and, through his associations, he had acquired the actor's point of view, which, so far as concerns the creation of effects, is wholly different from the point of view of the poet. That Mr. Rostand's triumph should be partly the triumph of the poet seems almost like a joke. So vigorously has the play been handled that I shall be surprised if the Philistine theatregoer in this country does not forgive the poetry. The literary theatregoer, if he may be said really to exist, will have much to forgive—and to forget; for no translation can reproduce the subtlety or the charm of the French verse, which, delivered by Coquelin and his carefully trained comrades, must fall on the ear like melody. But the fact that behind the translated words the play should loom massive is a convincing proof of its dramatic coherence and power.

For his central figure Mr. Rostand chose a character that would very mildly be described as theatrically ticklish. Fancy a hero with a nose so big that it makes his ugliness historical, with so great a fondness for brawls that his sword seldom rests in the scabbard, with a vain and boasting habit, and finally with a secret passion in his heart for one of the most beautiful Parisians of the early seventeenth century! What could a dramatist do with a hero like that? Build a comedy around him, of course, or a farce. But Mr. Rostand did no such thing. He built a romantic drama. In itself this was a stroke of genius, as the result has shown. If attempted by a less brilliant craftsman, however, it might have resulted in disaster. A more unconventional hero than Cyrano de Bergerac does not exist in French literature. We first meet him at a theatrical representation at the Hotel de Bourgogne, where all sorts of seventeenth-century Parisians have gathered, nobles small and great, women of note and notorious women, pickpockets, soldiers, including our old friend d'Artagnan, and, finally, Richelieu himself. A remarkable assemblage it is, and it is managed with remarkable skill. "A magnificent piece of orchestration," some one has called that first act, and the expression is apt. At the left side, toward the back, stands the stage where the actor, Montfleury, presently appears. Hardly has he begun to recite his lines when a voice orders him to desist. Then an uproar follows. The actor falters, takes courage, resumes. The voice protests, more violently than before, and the grotesque figure of Cyrano de Bergerac rises from the pit. At sight of the familiar face, the actor loses courage again, though the cat-calling crowd take his part. He speedily withers before the scorn and the commands of Cyrano, and disappears from the stage. Under the circumstances, the Gascon soldier may perhaps be forgiven for strutting a bit, especially when he explains that he hates Montfleury because the conceited actor has dared to leer at his cousin Mademoiselle Roxane, "the most beautiful, the most delicate, the fairest of her kind." His punishment of the actor lands him in a duel with the Viscount de Valvert, the creature of the Comte de Guiche, whom the Comte wishes to marry to Roxane so that he may himself make her his mistress. It is during this duel that he composes his famous ballade, punctuating the last refrain with a sword-thrust. This act, too, contains his much-quoted apostrophe to his nose, full of wit and delicious irony. It is not until the close of the act, when he is about to sally forth to the Pont de Nesle to fight for his friend Ligniere, against a hundred enemies, that he confesses his love for Roxane, who has given him a ray of hope by making a rendezvous with him the next day at the shop of the poetical pastry-cook, Ragueneau.

This ray is soon to be extinguished, for on meet-

ing him Roxane confesses that she loves the handsome young Christian de Neuville, who is about to join the Gascony cadets, and begs Cyrano's good offices in his behalf. Cyrano gives his word and keeps it, though Christian, ignorant of the compact, does his best to pick a quarrel by making insidious references to noses. In this situation Mr. Rostand displays superbly his dramatic genius. Cyrano, bursting with rage, orders the other cadets to leave the room, and they go, fearing for the life of the foolish boy. Then Cyrano with rough good-nature declares his friendship and intimates that Christian need not despair of winning Roxane. Christian, remorseful and grateful, laments that he cannot woo with fine phrases after the fashion of the day; he is only a poor soldier. So Cyrano, who can write as well as fight, whose plays have furnished material for the plagiarism of the great Moliere, teaches him to woo with honeyed speech and rhyme. Backed by wit, Christian makes rapid progress, particularly in the third act, where, in a scene that suggests the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," Cyrano makes love for him in the dark and wins Roxane's consent to speedy marriage. It is largely through his wit, too, that the lovers are able to steal a march on the Comte de Guiche and to become man and wife. But no sooner has love won its way, than the Cadets of Gascony are ordered into the field—to starve, and to fight with the Spaniards. In the fourth act, Roxane, after breaking through the Spanish lines, comes to them, bearing a load of Ragueneau's dainties, and declaring her gratitude to her husband for those wonderful letters he has written her, two each day. It was, of course, Cyrano, who had composed them and who had carried them through the lines at the risk of his life. At this juncture, and knowing that a battle is imminent, Christian is seized with remorse, and declares that he will confess the truth. Cyrano prevents him, however, and the battle begins, the first shot taking Christian's life. So the fourth act closes with a magnificent display of action in which the broken-hearted Roxane swoons over her lover's body, and the Spaniards, breaking over the ramparts, shoot down on the Cadets.

The last act makes an effective contrast with the excitement and the color of the acts that preceded it. Since Christian's death, fifteen years before, Roxane has lived in retirement at the Convent of the Ladies of the Cross. Each week her faithful old friend, Cyrano de Bergerac, comes to see her, bringing the news of Paris. To-day she expects him, and for the first time he is late. When he arrives he is so feeble that he can hardly stand; he has had an accident in the street. But he tries to assume his old gayety. In spite of himself, however, he falters, and soon Roxane and the nuns know that he is dying. Just before the end he speaks to Roxane as he spoke that night under the balcony, and for the first time she knows of his sacrifice for her. Then he dies like a soldier, fighting death, sword in hand.

While Mr. Augustin Daly was producing one English version of the play in Philadelphia, with Miss Rehan as Roxane, Mr. Richard Mansfield was appearing at the New York Garden Theatre in another version, made by Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury, a young New York lawyer with a taste for letters. Mr. Kingsbury's version, though of course it could not reproduce the plasticity or the finish or the music of the original, was still of considerable excellence. Instead of rendering the couplets in all cases into rhyme, his translation was varied with prose, with occasional rhyme and with blank verse. The effect, instead of creating the impression of incongruity, was extremely agreeable. His translation of the verses spoken by Cyrano to introduce the Cadets was particularly well done, and a most difficult task it must have been. As for the production, even in these days of magnificent stage-settings, it deserves the highest commendation for its completeness, appropriateness and taste. The first stage-settings made a series of most elaborate and beautiful pictures. The supernumeraries, too, had been suitably garbed and their movements created delightful combinations of colors. Throughout the performance one could see that the production had been planned with accuracy and indefatigably rehearsed.

As for the players, Mr. Mansfield naturally dominated as Cyrano. Such a part rarely falls to any actor. The Gascon occupies the center of the stage during nearly every moment of the action. Indeed, his predominance may be regarded as one of the blemishes in the performance; there are moments when you wish that he would take a rest. Perhaps the fault may be partly due to the lack of variety in Mr. Mansfield's acting; it was almost wholly sustained on one key. Nevertheless, within its limitations, it was a very clever characterization. When the scope of the part is considered, it seems odd that it should have betrayed Mr. Mansfield's limitations so conspicuously. In the dress of Cyrano, the actor seemed much smaller than he usually does, perhaps because we expected Cyrano to be a big fellow. Then, too, in the delivery of his voluminous lines, especially in the earlier acts, his enunciation was very poor. His rendering of the introduction of the Cadets, however, could hardly have been finer. Capital, too, was his colloquial reading, with its accompanying action, of the line he speaks after being chided for having thrown away all his money, "But what a gest-

ure!" Many of his speeches, which are humorous in the original, failed to move the audience; but for this neither the actor nor the translator should be blamed; there are subtleties that cannot be transferred from one language to another. Mr. Mansfield was plainly nervous on the first night, and as he works into the part he will doubtless make his performance not only picturesque but more effective. Among his company, one player stood out distinctly, Miss Margaret Aiglin, who appeared as Roxane. Barring occasional affectations of speech, Miss Aiglin, who appears to be new to the stage, has no serious faults to overcome, and she has several admirable qualities, charm of presence and manner, ease, intelligence, and feeling. Her asides were delightfully spoken, and in the balcony scene she played with refreshing simplicity and yet with passion. The other players included Mr. Arthur Forrest as a spirited De Guiche, Miss Ellen Cummen as a lively Duenna, and they made an ensemble of exceptional strength. The production reflects the highest credit on Mr. Mansfield as one of the most ambitious of our actors and managers.

At the Bijou Theatre Mr. Sam Bernard, who won fame as a German comedian in the music halls, lately made his first appearance as the "star" attraction in a piece called "The Marquis of Michigan," by Messrs. Glen Macdonough and Edward W. Townsend. Both these writers have in recent years won some fame. Mr. Macdonough by means of several musical farces of dubious merit, and Mr. Townsend through his creation of "Chimmie Fadden," a personage, who, after enjoying unquestionable popularity in the newspapers and in a volume, had, on the stage, a very mild success of esteem. In writing a farce together, they had the double task of projecting a character that should enable Mr. Bernard to shine and of making him the pivot of a play that should never fail to please the taste of his admirers. Like most of our playwrights, they were merely theatrical tailors, and I must say that they cut their suit uncommonly well. They hit upon a conceit so preposterous that no one could ever charge them with trying to develop a rational scheme from it; consequently, whenever their work suggested the touch of nature, it was apparently the result of chance. There were here and there, however, so many delightful bits of humor and of character that I could not help wondering why the writers should have chosen to waste their talents upon such stuff. If asked for an explanation, they would probably reply that such stuff paid, and pay it certainly does. The audience that welcomed Mr. Bernard filled the house. It consisted, curiously enough, almost wholly of men. There was no reason why women should not have been there, for the show was eminently proper. Can it be that our women, besides being more intelligent readers than men, are more discriminating theatre-goers? On thinking the matter over, I am inclined to believe that they are. Nearly all the men I know like vaudeville, and I have heard scores of women express disgust for it. Perhaps, on the other hand, women are offended by vulgarity. There is no doubt, however, that vaudeville and such shows as "The Marquis of Michigan" make a deliberate appeal to masculine tastes. Mr. Bernard's acting evidently made this appeal, but his success was plainly surpassed by his chief assistant, Miss Alice Atherton. Of the two players, Mr. Bernard is by far the finer performer; his German accent is the genuine article (it is curiously like Madame Janaschek's, by the way), his humor is spontaneous, his vivacity never flags, and he has on the scene an ease of manner that belongs only to great artists or to actors who have had experience in vaudeville. Unlike Mr. Bernard, who shows that he could do excellent character work if he would, Miss Atherton plainly belongs to vaudeville; when she tries to sustain her role she is commonplace; when she steps out of the character, however, and does a "turn," she becomes another woman, and she captures the house. Her methods suggest Miss May Irwin, but she lacks Miss Irwin's unction; still, she has enough spirit and charm of her own. Besides singing several new songs, she repeated the famous laughing song which did so much to help her to success last year. Of the other actors, it is necessary only to say that they played with the exaggeration and the animation that are supposed to mark the favorites of the vaudeville houses.



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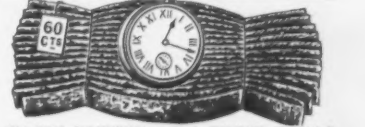


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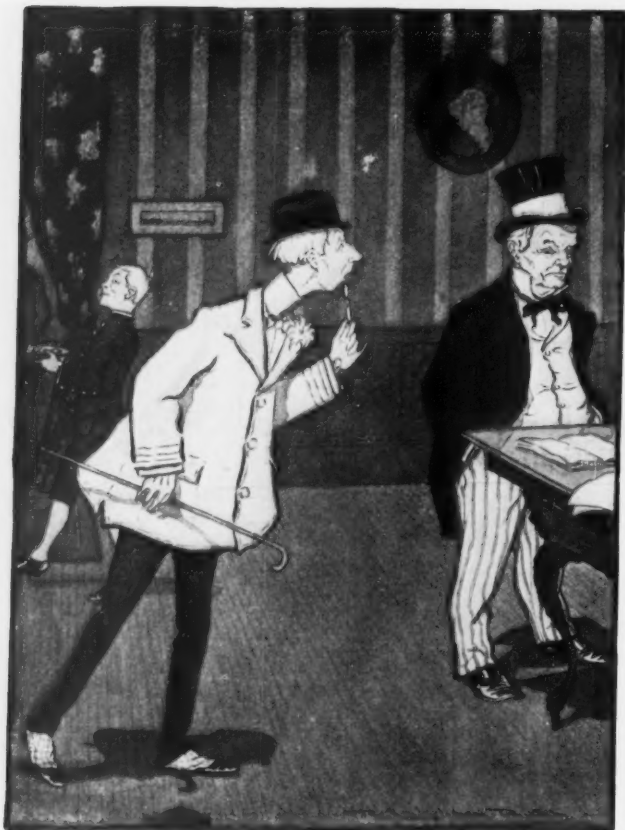
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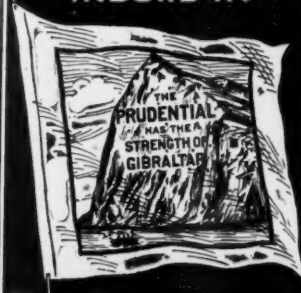
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In Surplus (to Policy-holders), 522,060.12
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